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ADDRESS.

By every new year, been our good fortune to address a few lines to a very largely increased number of friends, — for such, with the pleasant intercourse which subsists between its Readers and the LITERARY GAZETTE, we are gratified to reckon all our subscribers. On the present occasion we have more than usual reason to be satisfied in this respect; for we can truly say, that no literary periodical in existence enjoys so wide a range of circulation, or excites a more honest influence in every quarter of the globe. The form of our publication (so readily transmissible to all points) has no doubt contributed to this result; but we will not affect a feeling foreign to our breasts, so far as to pretend a belief that the efforts made to deserve this popularity have not, in a great measure, merited success. For into this sheet, either as it is, have been collected the services of the most distinguished writers, scholars, critics, artists, and men of science of the period, both at home and abroad: no exertion has been, or is, spared to procure the efficient and best intelligence from all sides; and correspondents are established whenever information is likely to be derived; volunteer substances, too, of the most valuable character has grown into the highest interest with the growth of our work, in consequence of the names of literature making it to the finest medium for disseminating those facts or opinions, the knowledge of which they considered to be beneficial to mankind. These and other circumstances, too many for detail, have made the LITERARY GAZETTE what it is; and its Editor (claiming only for himself the praise due to diligence, impartiality, and perfect independence) promises that he will do his utmost to make it still better.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Gaelic Dictionary, in Two Parts. I. Gaelic and English—II. English and Gaelic. In which the Words, in their different Acceptations, are illustrated by Quotations from the best Gaelic Writers, and their Affinities traced. To which is prefixed a New Gaelic Grammar. By R. A. Armstrong, A.M. James Duncan. London, 1825.

THE British Islands, among their other advantages, have the philological distinction of possessing two of the distinct branches of the most ancient languages of Europe. We call them branches, because as all the forms of speech in the world are recorded, in the most early authority that touches upon the subject, to have emanated from one primitive stock, all the languages which are used by mankind are but the ramifications of one common trunk, though they have been long separated from the primal parent, and have been planted in regions very distant from their native locality, and have since become much diversified by accident, art, natural growth, and occasional intermixture.

Ancient Europe, in its western regions, became peopled by three distinct classes of population, introducing, as their tribes spread over it, three great branches of language, as distinguished from each other as the colouring races that brought them. Our most recent antiquaries who have studied the subject acquiesce in the arrangement of Dr. Percy, who first clearly and justly classed them under three great divisions—the Celtic, the Germanic and

Scythian, and the Sarmatian or Slavonic. Others have more completely considered and verified this probable classification, which first drew a distinct line between these different masses of population, and which the continental historians still strangely confuse. It is singular, that few, if any, of our neighbours, either in France, Germany, or Russia, had any clear ideas of this natural and just discrimination until lately, but continued to confound the Celtic and Scythian branches, both of population and language. But the reason may have been, that Germany had lost all remains of the Celtic branch in her varied regions, and France contained only one fragment of it in Bretagne, and that not of natural growth, but rather an artificial transplantation from our own island.

It has happened fortunately for the history of philology, and has enabled our philological students to discern and to illustrate more satisfactorily the true views on this subject, that three important portions of our population, the Welsh, the Highlanders, and the Irish, have preserved in colloquial use, and as their native tongues, three leading and ancient varieties of the great Celtic branch, besides a modification of the Welsh in Cornwall, while France has only the other modification of it which was taken by Welsh and Cornish emigrants into Bretagne. Out of these three distinct varieties of the great Celtic branch, we have written compositions of the Welsh that ascend regularly upwards into the fifth century, and represent to us the actual speech of the aboriginal Britons who once inhabited England; and if we do not possess specimens of equal antiquity and genuineness of the Highland and Irish varieties, we have, at least, some written and traditional remains of them that are some centuries old; but both have long appeared in a written form in their poetry, and may now be read in their vernacular translations of the Scriptures; and, therefore, we have to produce to the world three main subdivisions of the principal Celtic branch of language, which once spread from the Pyrenees to the Baltic, and from the Orkneys in the north to Constantinople in the east, and to the Hebrides and the Irish Sea in the west. Besides these philological treasures, although it be no longer a living tongue, we have one of the most important and most authentic specimens of the ancient Scythian and German branch of language in our venerable Anglo-Saxon, of which we may also affirm that we possess more authentic and abundant remains than any other modern nation, excepting China, has preserved of any language of equal antiquity.

In proportion as we value these venerated relics of the ancient world, and of its anterior inhabitants, we rejoice to see any attempt made to preserve and perpetuate them. We were, therefore, pleased to hear a new Gaelic dictionary announced by Mr. Armstrong. The Gaelic is the Celtic variety spoken in the Highlands of Scotland. Mr. Armstrong made an important present to his countrymen, and to the

student of philology, when he completed his publication of the same sort. Mr. Armstrong's is still more acceptable, because it is fuller, better, more satisfactory, more illustrative, and more comprehensive. All the examination that our leisure has allowed us to give, is favourable to it. The author has prefixed a grammar, which is very neatly and ably drawn-up; he has added many analogies and affinities from other languages, which evince considerable research, and has made it altogether more useful to the Gaelic student. The first part is Gaelic and English; the second, English and Gaelic. We should be glad if some other gentleman would perform the same service to the Irish tongue as Dr. Owen Pugh has rendered to the Welsh, and now Mr. Armstrong to the Gaelic. We will only add a few extracts from his moderate and sensible preface, which does credit both to his temper and to his judgment, and gives a favourable opinion both of his attainments and of his work. We do not, however, pledge ourselves to all its opinions, as we do not know where to find the parent Celtic to which it alludes.

"I do not propose to meddle, in this place, with the less contested point, whether the Gaelic of the Highlands be the parent of the speech of Ireland; however, I may be permitted to observe, that the Scotch Gaelic bears a closer resemblance to the parent Celtic, and has fewer inflections than the Welsh, Manx, or Irish dialects. It has this circumstance, too, in common with the Hebrew and other oriental languages, that it wants the simple present tense; a peculiarity which strongly supports the opinion that the Gaelic of Scotland is the more ancient dialect. This question has been long discussed with eagerness and ability. The one party draws its opinions partly from history, partly from acute hypothetical reasoning, and from the natural westward progress of early migrations; the other argues from legends for which credulity itself is at a loss to discover a foundation.

"Throughout this work I have followed the orthography of two writers, who are relied on as guides by their countrymen. The one, Dr. Stewart, of Luss, the translator of the Holy Scriptures into Gaelic; the other, Dr. Smith, of Campbellton, the author of a Gaelic metrical version of the Psalms, and other creditable works. These writers spent much of their time in settling the orthography of our language; and, as they have a just and acknowledged claim to be considered authorities, it is much to be desired that they should, henceforth, be regarded in that light.

"I have bestowed pains on referring derivative words to their primitives—in resolving compound words to their component parts—in affixing to substantives their genitive singular and gender—and to verbs their signification, whether active or neuter. The quotations from Gaelic writers are translated into English as liberally as the idioms of these languages will allow."

It is, in our judgment, rather a matter of

literary reproach to the northern parts of our island, that a work so important to philology, and so responsive to national feelings, as this of Mr. Armstrong's is, should have remained a desideratum till the year 1825; and that while societies were forming to revive tartan hose and heron's feathers, &c., (though we do not mean to disparage these patriotic matters) no institution took measures to embody and preserve the language of the country in an enduring shape. The laborious task has now been performed by an unassisted individual, who has not only produced an excellent Gaelic and English dictionary, but explored seventy languages, in order to raise his publication to a much higher class as a dictionary of affinities.

Having made these general observations, we may remark, that the Gaelic grammar is very explicit and well digested; though the veris assume rather a formidable appearance, owing to every tense's being rendered into English throughout, with a view, no doubt, to facilitate the acquisition of this anomalous language. The rules of syntax are judiciously constructed, and each rule is followed by useful examples. Prosody occupies the concluding part of the grammar; and here the compiler takes occasion to bridle the rambling, irregular rhymes of the Highland poets. He is, in many cases, eminently successful; in others, he seems to have given up the business *pro re irrita*.—But to pass on to the dictionary.

We observe that, in some of the Asiatic tongues and in others nearer home, he has overlooked affinities which are so obvious that we are surprised how they could have escaped his observation. For example, among the affinities, under the article *CEANN*, the cognate term *Khan*, (head or chief,) in the Persic and Arabic, are omitted. The word *CEANN*, just noticed, is laid down as follows:

"*CEANN*, *gen. cinn*, *s. m.* (Irish, *ceann*. Welsh, *cwn* and *cyn*. Cornish, *kyn*.) A head; a point; a hilt; a top; an end; a chief; a commander; a high headland; a promontory;" and then follow a multitude of quotations. The very common meaning, *harvest-home*, is, however, unnoticed; but this oversight is, we see, rectified in the Appendix. "It is observable," the compiler remarks, "that *ceann*, *promontory*, is seen in the ancient names of many capes and promontories throughout Europe; as *Ceneum*, a cape in the north-west of Eubœa; *Cenchreæ*, a cape on the isthmus of Corinth; *Canastœum*, a cape in Macedonia; *Candaria*, in Cos; and many others."

We shall now give our readers some idea of Mr. Armstrong's success in his pursuit of cognate or kindred terms.

"*†ABH*, *s. m.* water. (We wish to apprise our readers that *ah* are silent in this word.) *Tonquinese*, *hâi*, *sea*. *Shanscrit*, *ab* and *aw*, water. *Arabic*, *ahha*, pool. *Persic*, *awc*. *Greek*, *Æolic* dialect, *âpâ*. *Latin*, *aqua*. *Danish*, *uue*. *Welsh*, *aw*. *French*, *eau*. *Gothic*, *a*. *Islandic*, *aa*. *Low German*, *aa*, water. *Swedish*, *a*, a river. *Old Saxon*, *a*, *ea*, *eha*.

"*Bô*, *gen. bôin*, *s. f.* A cow; rarely a fawn." Here follow numerous applications of the word *bô*.

"From *bô* are derived the *Greek* *βω*, *an ox*, and *βω*, *to roar*; and also *βω*, which means any thing that is terrible. *Latin*, *bos*, *an ox*. *Italian*, *bue*, *an ox*. *Irish*, *bo*, *a cow*. *Welsh*, *baw*. *Cornish*, *buil* and *bu*. *Armoric*, *bu*. *Manx*, *bua*. *Biscayan*, *beyu*. *Portuguese*, *boi*, *a*. *Spanish*, *buey*. *Turkish*, *buhga*, *an ox*.

"We write the names of the languages as full as possible, and contract in the dictionary."

Tonquinese, *bo*. *Japanese*, *arbo*, *ox*. *Hottentots*, *boa*, and *buboa*.

"*ATHAIR*, *gen. athar*, *s. m.* a father, an ancestor, &c. &c.

"*Greek*, *πατήρ*. *Latin*, *pater*. *Swedish* and *Danish*, *fader*. *English*, *father*. *Persic*, *phader*. *French*, *père*, now written *père*. *Gothic*, *atta*. *German*, *vat*.—*Athair*," the compiler remarks, "is derived from the Celtic *at*, father; whence are derived the *Tartar* and the *Turkish* *ata*, father. *Tatolish*, *atai*. *Calmuc* *Tartars*, *atey*. *Phrygian* and *Thessalian*, *atta*. *Hungarian*, *atya*. *Arma* was a Greek term of respect to an aged man; it signifies parent, in *alavus*, great-grandfather. *Carinthian*, *atei*. *Mogul* *Tartars*, *atzia*. *Biscayan*, *aita*, *father*."—Respecting the term *athair*, we rather think that it is not a derivative, but a compound word, made up of *a*, a Celtic word meaning *chief*, and *thair*, a man.

"*BRATHAIR*, *gen. brathair*, *s. m.* (i. e. *bráth-air*, a second person of the same womb; a brother, &c. &c.

"*Greek*, *ἑλπίς*, *ἐλπίς* and *ἐλπίς*. *Latin*, *frater*. *French*, *frère*, now *frère*. *Danish*, *broder*. *Swedish*, *broder* and *bror*. *Islandic*, *brodur*. *Anglo-Saxon*, *brother*. *English*, *brother*. *German*, *brüder*. *Belgie*, *broeder*. *Polish*, *brat*. *Lusatian*, *bradt*. *Russian*, *brat*. *Slavonic*, *brat*. *Bohemian*, *brat* and *brodr*. *Teutonic*, *broeder* and *bruder*. *Irish*, *bráthair*. *Welsh*, *brawd* and *brawdair*. *Cornish*, *brawd*, *breur*, and *bradar*. *Armoric*, *breuz* (z silent). *Cimbrie*, *brodir*. *Tartar*, *bruder*. *Persic*, *be-rader*, *murader*, and *brader*. *Hindoostanee*, *brooder*."—The compiler might have added the *Hebrew*, *berith*, and the *Shanscrit*, *brathara*.

"*TUR*, *tür*, *s. m.* a tower, &c. &c. &c.

"*Arabic*, *thor*, a tower, and *tour*, *hill*. *Persic* and *Armenian*, *tar*, *hill*. *Syriac*, *thur*, *hill*. *Hebrew*, *thur* and *thar*, *hill*. *Greek*, *τῦρος*, *τῦρος*, and *τῦρος*, in *Suidas*. *Latin*, *turris*. *Danish*, *tur*. *Swedish*, *tor*. *Dalmatian*, *uran*. *Anglo-Saxon*, *tor* and *torr*. *Teutonic*, *torre*. *Italian*, *torre*. *Irish*, *tür*. *Armoric*, *twr* and *tur*. *Strabo*," the compiler adds, "observes, that the ancient Moors called Mount Atlas *dür*."

These articles, which we have selected in a manner *ad aperturam*, are less copious and curious than a multitude of others.

To conclude, this quarto is as moderate in price as it is valuable in contents; and we sincerely congratulate Mr. Armstrong on the spirited and successful stand he has made in defence and in preservation of the Gaelic language. His work is a monumentum perennius are, of which, not only every Scot, but every general scholar and philologist throughout Europe ought to avail himself; and we trust that it will prove as beneficial to the compiler as it is serviceable to general literature and to his country.

The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern; with an Introduction and Notes, Historical and Critical, and Characters of the Lyric Poets. By Allan Cunningham. 12mo. 4 vols. London, 1825. John Taylor.

It is not at the expense of any contemporary we express our conviction that no individual living was better fitted to undertake the task here so delightfully fulfilled, than Allan Cunningham. His genuine feeling for the songs of his native land constitute him a far better judge of them than all the rules of all the critics that ever wrote. But beyond this great and indispensable gift, he possessed other eminent qualifications. He is himself a natural and beautiful singer, and he has beguiled the dearest portions of his life amidst the charms and the witchery,

the playfulness and the pathos of Scottish songs. Thus his own talents, and his memory, richly endowed with these productions which have emanated from the talents of others in ancient and modern times, combined to give him at once the taste to appreciate and the knowledge to illustrate the prodigious extent and variety of his subject. He has accordingly presented us with a publication which cannot fail to become extremely popular, and transmit his name with honour to future generations.

The collection is excellent. It not only preserves a very large number of favourite songs, but it rescues from oblivion some remarkable snatches, which are strikingly characteristic of the olden days and early literature. Mr. Cunningham has also another strong claim to approbation; he has guardedly weeded the luxuriant garden in which he wrought of rank and offensive growths; so that his nosogay, in its freshness, is as proper for the female hand, as for the drier inspection of withering antiquarianism.

An Introduction of nearly 300 pages (a historical *coup d'œil*) is very pleasant and amusing; though, as the author confesses, rather desultory and rambling. Yet the misfortunes of Queen Mary Stuart, the superstitions of Scotland, and "sic-like matters," are so nearly connected with the poetry of the country, that the error of a little digression upon such themes, if error it can be called, is extremely venial. And there are so many touches in the essay which we cannot help admiring—touches peculiar to the author as a true bard—that so far from wearying when he wanders from his direct line, we read on with enjoyment, and are only sorry that his deviations are not more frequent and prolonged. Thus, for instance, after noting the alliance of song with the supernatural world, he says:

"I shall not, however, attempt to follow my subject through all the winding vistas of common belief, but proceed to examine some of those old customs and amusements where song was often the chief pleasure, and always a welcome auxiliary."

"By those intimately acquainted with the manners and customs of the peasantry, something like the remains of a rude drama—a representation uniting the fourfold qualities of acting, dancing, music, and song—must have been often observed at weddings, at harvest-homes, and other festivities. To me it has appeared under three different forms; and a brief description of each may recall similar rustic attempts at dramatic representation to many of my northern readers. The first I saw was called 'The Wooing of the Maiden,' a favourite pastime at the close of a wedding feast, and indeed it seemed designed as a humorous portrait of the vicissitudes of courtship. When dancing and carousal had quickened up the spirits of the wedding guests, and just before the time of stocking-throwing, the door of the barn was opened, and a youth and maiden entered, keeping time to the sound of the fiddle, which commenced the air that gave a name to the entertainment. The youth was a lively peasant, with no small share of inventive humour, and dressed in the extremity of the fashion; while the damsel personated with very good grace a fantastic old maid, flourishing in ancient finery, with a sharp shrill voice and a look of great importance. They advanced to the middle of the floor, beating time to the tune, and smiling upon each other, and mimicking the appearance of delight and joy. This pantomime having lasted some five minutes, the maiden sang part of a song adapted to the

music, which praised the charms of opulence, and laid the scene of domestic love and endearment among bags of gold, in the middle of many acres, and concluded with extolling the wisdom and discretion of age. This was answered by a song from her lover, which, with the usual enthusiasm of youth, spoke with great contempt of charms which were rated by the acre—of attractions which were weighed by gold; and laid the scene of true love endearment at the time when maidens step out of their teens. As the charms of the rustic actress happened to be far from considerable, and as she had in all appearance overstepped her teens a good score of years, she considered this lyric declaration of her lover as somewhat personal, and proceeded to resent it in very passable pantomime. She strode round the floor with the strides of an ogre, and shivered all her finery with anger and pride, as a fowl ruffles its feathers. Her lover seemed by no means desirous of soothing her; he mimicked her lordliness of step, and the waving of her mantle, and stopped step by step with her and she music round the floor. He then took an empty purse out of his pocket, shook it before her face, threw it into the air and caught it as it fell, and burst out into another verse of song in contempt of riches and all who possessed them. This was answered by a corresponding verse from the maiden, in which she laughed at empty pockets, and scorned poverty, in the way the world has ever done. He then turned from her in great anger. And now began the more dramatic part of the entertainment: he danced round the company, and having singled out a young woman, the most beautiful he could find, he saluted her, took her hand, danced with her into the middle of the floor, and made earnest love as far as the silence of pantomime would allow. This excited the anger and jealousy of the other; and as the nature of the dance required the music still to be obeyed by the feet, we had a very good dance; a very good song from the slighted lady, in scorn of her landless rival; a song in reply from the other, vindicating the supremacy of youth and beauty against the influence of moorlands and meadows; and, finally, a verse from the hero of the entertainment, rejoicing in the choice of his heart in opposition to that of avarice. This kind of contest continued some time—one moment limited to pantomime, and the next breaking out into satiric verse: it ended, however, as all contests of that kind generally do, in the triumph of her of the houses and land, and with her success the representation terminated. I may add, that I have seen it acted without the assistance of song, and that the addition of the verse, though a great improvement, by lending voice to action, impeded the operations of the dance, and rendered it subordinate.

"The next pastime of this kind which I shall notice seemed to be a dramatic presentation of a contest between Idleness and Industry, between Waste and Thrift, and gave its name to, or took it from the well-known air of 'The Roke and the wee pickle tow.' It is commonly acted at one of those carousals called harvest-kirns, and commences by the musician playing the air which introduces to the floor and to the audience a staid and thrifty-looking dame, with a roke or distaff in her bosom replenished with flax, from which she twines or spins to a fine thread. She is joined in the dance, but not in the industry, by a joyous, middle-aged man, somewhat touched, it may be, with liquor; he holds a candle in his hand, and dances with her round the floor, besting

accurate time all the while to the music. He of the candle sings a verse to the air of the music, in which he laughs at thrift, and counts industry a colder companion than pleasure. She of the roke replies to this, and tells him in song that idle pleasure ends in sorrow and repentance, while honest industry brings peace and happiness, and shuts the door on pain and on poverty. The music, played purposely slow for the sake of the song, bursts out more boldly, and the dance, like that of the witches in Tam O'Shanter, grows fast and furious; for the man endeavours to set the roke on fire with his candle, while the woman eludes him with great activity, and all the while the music and the feet echo to each other. This contest continues for the space of five minutes or more, and then they renew the bickerings between idleness and thrift in satiric song. On the side of Industry, many proverbs pressing the necessity of thrift are woven into verse, while all the curious sayings which ridicule labour, and paint pleasure lying idle among beds of lilies, are at the command of him who would have been the 'Unthrif' in one of the old moralities. Fire prevails, however, at last against its combustible opponent, and the pleasure of the audience is measured by the duration of the strife; for it requires no small management and agility to preserve the 'Roke and the wee pickle tow' amid the evolutions of the dance. This dramatic entertainment, I understand, is sometimes represented without song, and it is not at all improbable that it forms only a portion of some more important performance.

"I have already elsewhere in this wandering introduction anticipated the account of the third description of the rustic drama—a Nithdale interlude, acted on many occasions of festive merriment, and known by the name of 'Auld Glenae.' I have little doubt that this comic, but not over-reverent interlude, was originally intended for two persons, one the sinner, and the other a professor of the kirk; and that the humour of the whole was sustained by the assumed gravity of admonition and rebuke on the one hand, and the arch simplicity of the transgressor on the other; the whole being intended to ridicule the inquisitorial scrutiny of the kirk session into all offences against chastity. The reverend actor is omitted in modern representation, and the humour of the piece is entirely supported by the delinquent, a man whose hoary hair and age-bent frame almost give an answer to the charge. I have seen it performed before a rustic audience with applause: but I believe it has now, along with all similar entertainments, fallen into disuse or discredit. I love so well whatever gives us an image or a notion of the character and pursuits of our ancestors, as to wish that the remains of all matters of this nature were collected by a curious hand and preserved for posterity."

This is but one (the most readily separated) of many similar interesting episodes; and yet it must suffice for our exemplification of this portion of Mr. Cunningham's dessert. In rendering some of the licentious ancient songs such as modern decency would endure, Mr. C. has bestowed much pains; and for this the public will thank him, whatever the antiquary may do. On this point he says, with the same openness and candour which distinguishes all he has written in these volumes, "In extracting songs from some of our old ballads, I have sought to preserve the story, and to express it in the language of the age to which it belonged; such has long been the practice in

the north with poets as well as singers; and I hope it will be felt, that in abating the length of these national rhymes I have not lessened their graphic truth or dramatic vigour. I am less afraid of incurring blame for the pains I have taken in rendering many of our old songs more acceptable to the eye of delicacy than I found them; and in eking out fragments and mutilated verses as much as possible in the sense and spirit of the old. They who desire our old verses to remain in dust or impurity will be displeased perhaps with the freedom of my amendments; and they who seek out with a sensitive delicacy for the Muse's transgressions against strict decorum, may think I have sympathised more than I ought with the free language and open mirth of our ancestors. There would be more wisdom in offending, than prudence in pleasing, such unscrupulous or scrupulous persons—the thorn grows on the same branch with the rose; and many overwarm or indecorous expressions are interwoven with

"Measures which the gray-hair'd minstrel sings,
When they make maidens weep."

In the notes, I have sought to illustrate our lyrics by fragments of neglected or forgotten song, by story, by anecdote, and by criticism. I have gleaned intelligence from some hundreds of volumes, and obtained information from many sources."

From the foregoing passages the general character of the work may safely be inferred; but still a multitude of the felicities with which it abounds cannot even be guessed at. Thus, speaking of Burns, the kindred spirit of the writer bursts into a fine comparison: "Burns, who, of all poets that ever breathed, possessed the most happy tact of pouring his genius through all the meanderings of music, was unrivalled in the skill of brooding over the ruder conceptions of our old poets, and in warming them into grace and life. He could glide like dew into the fading bloom of departing song, and refresh it into beauty and fragrance."

Again: "The man who breaks out from the fulness of his heart into voluntary numbers, and seeks relief in poetry from the matter with which he overflows, is a poet of Nature's own handiwork; and we may expect from him a free and original strain, and some addition to the stock of popular pleasure. The rods of the false magicians wrought their enchantments as well as the rod of the prophet; and we have much poetry which comes from a lower source than inspiration: but the enchantments which the false magicians wrought could not stand, since they were not of God; and the poetry which is laboured out by mechanical skill alone cannot survive, since it springs not from nature. With the finest ear and the nicest skill in language, and with learning lending knowledge and power, a man cannot write true poetry; for all these requirements will only carry him to where poetry begins; and though he may speak with the voice of the Muse, her heart, which warms, and animates, and exalts, will be absent; and though his aspirations may be correct and melodious, they will want the curious ease and happiness of natural poetry. He will give no freely inspired to our feelings; he will add no new joy to the stock of the old; he will but re-echo more impressive sounds which have been heard before; give a new look to an old sentiment; and flourish in the faded flowers and the tarnished finery of verse."

This is sterling criticism, and no soul that ever felt the divinity of poetry will question its truth; the vigour and beauty of the similes

cannot escape notice; and it is a great gratification to contemplate so much apt imagery in a prose composition brought to throw light over the more definite domain of the Muses. From this domain we will no longer keep the impatient feet of our readers; but select for them a few of the least familiar productions which a glance over these volumes enables us to quote as fair specimens of the whole.

One of the oldest songs in Scotland is "The Gude Wallace." Wallace goes to rescue the black Douglas from the custody of fifteen southern knights—

"I'll win broad lands, said one proud knight,
O'er which a hawk would fail to see;
A stately tower and a lady's love,
When I the gude Wallace shall see.
A loud laugh laughed he, the black Douglas—
I'll change my knighthood with a knave,
When you gain none from the gude Wallace
Than a single blow and a bloody grave.
Rude were the oaths, and red was the wine,
When a hasty step came to the door;
On a bloody field, thought he, black Douglas,
I've heard that stately step before.
Now forward, churl! Sir Aymer said,
Three bullets from the shaft thou drees,
Unless ye come from green Nithsdale
With news of wight Wallace to me.
Small news I bring from him, gude Wallace;
And grim the hero smiled and stern,—
He sends a churlish hand to bless
You with this burly blade of arm.
And he smote right, and he smote left,
He smote behind, and he smote before,
Till all the fifteen southern knights
Lay drenched and dying in their gore."

The Song of the Scottish Maidens, about the same period, and in jubilate for the victory of Bannockburn, deserves also a partial quotation.

"Here comes your lordly chivalry
All charging in a row;
And there your palmy bowmen
Let fly their shafts like snow.
Look how yon old man claps his hands,
And hearken to his cry—
'Alas! alas! for Scotland
When England's arrows fly!'
Yet weep, ye dames of England
For twenty summers past;
Ye danced and sang while Scotland wept—
Such mirth can never last.
And how can I do less than laugh
When England's lords are nigh?
It is the make of Scotland
Must learn to wail and sigh;
For here spurs princely Hereford—
Hark to his clashing steel;
And there's Sir Philip Musgrave,
All gore from helm to heel;
And vander is stout of Argentine;
And here comes, with a sweep,
The fiery speed of Gloucester—
Say, wherefore should I weep?
Weep all ye English maidens,
Lo! Bannock brook's in flood!
Not with its own sweet waters,
But England's noblest blood.
For see, your arrow-shower has ceased,
The thrilling bow-string's mute;
And where rides fiery Gloucester?
All trodden under foot.
Wail all ye dames of England,
Nor more shall Musgrave know
The sound of the shrill trumpet—
And Argentine is low.
Thy chivalry, proud England,
Have turned the rein to fly;
And on them rushes Randolph—
Hark! Edward Bruce's cry.
Mid reeking blood the Douglas rides
As one rides in a river;
And hie the good King Robert comes—
And Scotland's free for ever.
Now weep, ye dames of England,
And let your sons prolong
The Bruce—the Bruce of Bannockburn,
In many a sorrowing song."

To the famous song of the Gaherhuzie Man, by James the Fifth, there is a verse added worthy of the original, but which we never met with before: "The maiden having disoosed of the meal-powks, gives a glance at her nosremonious lover, and adds the following lever picture:

"An ee like ony wild hawk,
A skin like ony swan;
A gallant grip, a gentle lip,
To be a poor man."

Ye may beg down the Doe bank,
Sae may ye down the Doe;
Then come and dawte me twice a week,
And oftener gin ye can."

The following is a beautiful ballad by Sir Robert Ayton (secretary to the Scottish Queens Mary and Anne). It is one of the few which even the genius of Burns could not improve; but, on the contrary, deteriorate, as may be seen in his

"I do confess thou art so fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in love," &c.

which is far inferior to the original.

"I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee:
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be loved by none.
I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
These such all unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisseth every thing ere goes.
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kisset by none.
The morning rose, that ouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
But sent and beauty both are gone.
And leaves fall from her, one by one.
Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile!
Like rose flowers to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none."

To vary our page a little, we now copy one of the ghostly legends:

"The Wife of Usher's Well.

"There dwelt a wife at Usher's well,
A wealthy wife was she,
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.
The wind blew east, the wind blew west,
The sea was in a foam,
And sat the wife began to weep,
I wish the bairns were home.
The wind blew north, the wind blew south,
And a cry came from the sea;
And word came to the weeping wife,
I wish the wind may nae mair blow.
Nor fishes swim the flood,
Till my three bairns come home to me,
In earthly flesh and blood.
It fell in about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
That her three sons came home to her,
And their hats were o'er the birch.
It neither grew on the moor nor hill,
Nor by the fallow lea—
By the bless'd gate of Paradise
The birch grows fair and free.
Blaw up the fire, my maidens a',
We'll dine and dance belyve,
For my ain sons are hale and weel,
How can I be but blythe?
Blaw up the fire, my maidens a',
Spare neither ale nor wine;
Is there a wife in Scotland wide,
Wi' a heart sae light as mine?
And merrily danced the maidens a'
Amid the torches glowing.
Why smile ye not, my ain sweet bairns?
Ye see the red wine flowing.
And she has made to them a bed,
And spread it lang and wide,
And fold'd her mantle 'bout her waist,
And sat down by their side.
She sat till first the red cock crew,
And aye up crept the grey;
The young son to the eldest said,
Its time we were away.
The grey cock hadnae crown but once,
Nor clapp'd his wings at a',
When the eldest son to the youngest said,
Brother, we maun awa.
The cock doth crew, the day doth daw,
The channelling worn with childe;
Gin we be mist out of our place,
A sair pain maun we bide;
Sae fare ye weel, my mither dear,
Farewell to my sister Jean;
And fare ye weel, my bonny lass,
That danced wi' the dead yestreen."

But we must conclude; and can we conclude better than with a song of true and simple love—that passion to which song is peculiarly consecrate? This is an old favourite with us,

and we never saw so good a version of it till now.

"O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
Or saw ye my true love John?
I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
But I saw your true love John.
It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
And the bells they ring ding dong;
He's met wi' some delay that causes him to stay,
But he will be here ere long.
The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,
And Johnie's face it grew red;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd he ne'er a word replied,
Till a' were asleep in bed.
Then up Johnie rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirl'd the pin;
The lassie taking tent unto the door she went,
And she open'd and let him in.
And are ye come at last! and do I hold ye fast!
And is my Johnie true?
I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel,
Sae lang shall I like you.
Flee up, flee up, my bonnie gray cock,
And draw when it is day;
And your neck shall be like the bonnie beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver-gray.
The cock proved false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour owre soon;
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon."

We should have liked to add a few remarks, but our limits forbid. We were not aware before, that Alexander Wilson, the extraordinary author on American Ornithology, was the writer of the clever, graphic, and lively ballad of "Watty and Meg." This is stated in the brief biographical sketch of him which Mr. Cunningham gives, together with memoirs of between thirty and forty of those lyrics to whom Scotland is chiefly indebted for her fame in this way. These lives are well done, and increase the interest of the work; of which we now take our leave, commending it heartily to every reader who loves poetry or has a taste for literary delights. We may add, that these songs are for every country, and will be as much relished in England as in Scotland; though the latter may indulge in a patriotic pride in having produced the treasure, and a son so worthy of displaying it as Allan Cunningham.

Wanderings in South America, the North-West of the United States, and the Antilles, in the Years 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824. By Charles Waterton, Esq. 4to. pp. 326. London, 1825. J. Mawman.

THIS is, as a frontispiece to this volume, "A Nondescript;" and it is exceedingly ap-

* The portrait of a hairy old gentleman, whose head, as here represented, Mr. W. states, he cut off after shooting him in the woods; and if he did shoot any creature resembling this, all we can say is, that it was not a monkey he murdered, but, apparently, a very respectable human native. There is, however, some jest in this matter: for the author relates, "I procured an animal which has caused not a little speculation and astonishment. In my opinion, his thick coat of hair, and great length of tail, put his species out of all question; but then, his face and head cause the inspector to pause for a moment, before he ventures to pronounce his opinion of the classification. He was a large animal, and as I was pressed for daylight, and, moreover, felt no inclination to have the whole weight of his body upon my back, I contented myself with his head and shoulders, which I cut off; and have brought them with me to Europe. I have since found, that I acted quite right in doing so, having had enough to answer for the head alone, without saying any thing of his hands and feet, and of his tail, which is an appendage, Lord Kames asserts, belongs to us."

The features of this animal are quite of the Grecian cast; and he has a placidity of countenance which shows that thing went well with him when in life. Some gentlemen, of great skill and talent, on inspecting his head, were convinced that the whole series of its features had been changed. Others again have hesitated, and betrayed doubts, not being able to make up their minds, whether it be possible that the brute features of the monkey can be changed into the noble countenance of man—Schindler, vulgus. One might argue at considerable length on this novel subject; and perhaps, after all, produce little more than a heap of prolix pedantry. * Vox, et præterea nihil. * Let us suppose, for an instant, that it is a new species. Well! "Una goldsmith no hanc verano," one swallow does not make summer, as Don Quixote says. Still, for all that, it would be well worth while going out to search for it.

appropriate, for the work itself is altogether non-descript. There is so much that is good, and so much that is absurd in it, that we do not know how to give it a character, or to decide whether the author is in jest or in earnest on many occasions. The style is odd, the opinions odd, the sentiments odd, the descriptions odd, the stories odd; and, in short, the whole medley is odd; not even excepting the Natural History, upon which Mr. Waterton has bestowed so much attention. It is impossible to laugh at all he says; but it is equally impossible not to laugh sometimes when, we fancy, he least means to invite that emotion.

But to come to our analysis with such lights as we have. Mr. Waterton is, we believe, a Yorkshire gentleman of good fortune, and so fond of the pursuit of natural science, that it seems to break out in him with a kind of annual quartan, and drive him every fourth year eruptively to foreign climes. The wilds of Demerara appear to be his favourite haunts on these occasions; and his four remedial treatments in 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824, are detailed in these pages. Sometimes, from the language, we guessed the writer to be a Quaker; but, from his earnest panegyric upon the Jesuits, we grew to the more correct belief that he was a Roman Catholic. We also gathered, from various proofs, that he was sentimentally inclined, addicted to the malady of fine writing, touched with the romantic, undervaluing England and its liberties, and an immense lover of the ladies in the United States—we mean in America, and not in the State of matrimony, as some careless reader might misunderstand us. Of some of these peculiarities we shall adduce examples, and thus lead ourselves into the body of the book. Of the Quakerism and sentimentality, the two following passages may suffice. To give a finished picture of Demerara, he says,

"It may appear a difficult task at a distance; but look close at it, and it is nothing at all; provided thou hast but a quiet mind, little

and these times of Pasco-Peruvian enterprise are favourable to the undertaking. Perhaps, gentle readers, you would wish me to go in quest of another. I would beg have respectfully to answer, that the way is dubious, long, and dreary; and though, unfortunately, I cannot allege the excuse of 'me plus convalescent,' still I would fain crave a little repose. I have already been a long while errant—

"Longa mihi exilia, et vastum maris aequor aravi,
Ne mandate mihi, nam ego sum defessus agendo."

Should any body be induced to go, great and innumerable are the discoveries yet to be made in those remote wilds; and should he succeed in bringing home even a head alone, with features as perfect as those of that which I have brought, far from being envious of him, I should consider him a modern Alcides, fully entitled to register a thirteenth labour. Now if, on the other hand, we argue that this head in question has had all its original features destroyed, and a set of new ones given to it, by what means has this hitherto unheard of change been effected? Nobody in any of our museums has as yet been able to restore the natural features to stuffed animals; and he who has any doubts of this, let him take a living cat or dog and compare them with a stuffed cat or dog in any of the first-rate museums. A momentary glance of the eye would soon settle his doubts on this head.

"If I have succeeded in effacing the features of a brute, and putting those of a man in their place, we might be entitled to say, that the sun of Proteus has risen on our museums;

"Unus hic faciem, facies transformat in omnes;
Nunc homo, nunc tigris; nunc equa, nunc mulier."

If I have effected this, we can now give to one side of the skin of a man's face the appearance of eighty years, and to the other side that of blooming seventeen. We could make the forehead and eyes serene in youthful beauty, and shape the mouth and jaws to the features of a malicious old ape. Here is a new field opened to the adventurous and experimental naturalist: I have trodden it up and down till I am almost weary. To get at it myself I have groped through an alley, which may be styled, in the words of Ovid—

"Arduus, obliquus, caligine densus opaca."
"I pray thee, gentle reader, let me out awhile."

more is necessary, and the Genius which presides over these wilds will kindly help thee through the rest. She will allow thee to slay the fawn, and to cut down the mountain-cabbage for thy support, and to select from every part of her domain whatever may be necessary for the work thou art about; but having killed a pair of doves in order to enable thee to give mankind a true and proper description of them, thou must not destroy a third through wantonness, or to shew what a good marksman thou art; that would only blot the picture thou art finishing, not colour it.

"Though retired from the haunts of men, and even without a friend with thee, thou wouldst not find it solitary. The crowing of the hannaquoi will sound in thine ears like the daybreak town clock; and the wren and the thrush will join with thee in thy matin hymn to thy Creator, to thank him for thy night's rest.

"At noon the Genius will lead thee to the trooly, one leaf of which will defend thee from both sun and rain. And if, in the cool of the evening, thou hast been tempted to stray too far from thy place of abode, and art deprived of light to write down the information thou hast collected, the fire-fly, which thou wilt see in almost every bush around thee, will be thy candle. Hold it over thy pocket-book, in any position which thou knowest will not hurt it, and it will afford thee ample light. And when thou hast done with it, put it kindly back again on the next branch to thee: it will want no other reward for its services.

"When in thy hammock, should the thought of thy little crosses and disappointments, in thy ups and down through life, break in upon thee, and throw thee into a pensive mood, the owl will bear thee company. She will tell thee that hath been her fate too; and at intervals, 'Whip-poor-Will,' and 'Willy come go,' will take up the tale of sorrow. Ovid has told thee how the owl once boasted the human form, and lost it for a very small offence; and were the poet alive now, he would inform thee, that 'Whip-poor-Will,' and 'Willy come go,' are the shades of those poor African and Indian slaves, who died worn out and broken-hearted. They wail and cry, 'Whip-poor-Will,' 'Willy come go,' all night long; and often, when the moon shines, you see them sitting on the green turf, near the houses of those whose ancestors tore them from the bosom of their helpless families, which all probably perished through grief and want, after their support was gone.

"In all the way from Buffalo to Quebec, I only met with one bug; and I cannot even swear that it belonged to the United States. In going down the St. Lawrence, in the steamboat, I felt something crossing over my neck; and on laying hold of it with my finger and thumb, it turned out to be a little half-grown, ill-conditioned bug. Now, whether it were going from the American to the Canada side, or from the Canada to the American, and had taken the advantage of my shoulders to ferry itself across, I could not tell. Be this as it may, I thought of my uncle Toby and the fly; and so, in lieu of placing it upon the deck, and then putting my thumb-nail vertically upon it, I quietly chucked it amongst some baggage that was close by, and recommended it to get ashore by the first opportunity."

This, we think, is extending philanthropy as far as it can well go. The non-infliction of the thumb-nail "vertically" (the customary method being horizontal,) is a pathetic incident; and the kindness of chucking the noxious insect

amongst baggage to bite a (much obliged) fellow-creature, instead of chucking it into the St. Lawrence, is remarkably humbuggish.

In England, it seems, things are not so well managed. There is no Genius there to get you to a trooly leaf, big enough to shield you from rain and sun at once, should they attack you together; no hannaquoi like "the daybreak town clock," (though what that is we cannot tell); there the wrens and thrushes do not join in hymns and thankfulness for thy night's rest; the fire-flies there charge you for candlelight, or at least are not so grateful for partial imprisonment as to want no other service but to be popped back upon a branch. The owls in England, so far from bearing you (pensive) company, hate the society of men: and as for the "Whip-poor-Will," and "Willy come goes," they are all moonshine, except in the House of Correction. But in hapless England, "alas! in these degenerate days it is not so. Should a harmless cottage-maid wander out of the highway to pluck a primrose or two in the neighbouring field, the haughty owner sternly bids her retire; and if a pitying swain hasten to escort her back, he is perhaps seized by the gaunt house-dog ere he reach her!"

It is no wonder that our author was prone to leave such a country quarterly, and seek elsewhere for rational pleasures among philosophical geni, trooly-leaves, mechanical hannaquois, hymning wrens and thrushes, good-humoured fire-flies, sympathising owls, and pathetic Whip-poor-Will. For this, however, he claims a high deed of merit, and absolutely compares himself [vide Preface] to Ulysses, on the score of advising other gentlemen to amuse themselves in the same way in Guiana. Indeed, he is often singularly felicitous in his comparisons. For instance, he says,

"If you dissect a vulture that has just been feeding on carrion, you must expect that your olfactory nerves will be somewhat offended with the rank effluvia from his craw; just as they would be were you to dissect a citizen after the lord mayor's dinner. If, on the contrary, the vulture be empty at the time you commence the operation, there will be no offensive smell, but a strong scent of musk."

But as we shall not be able, in our Gazette, entirely to dissect the volume whence this is copied, and demonstrate either where the rank effluvia or the musk prevails, we shall take the liberty to amuse our readers with a quotation or two, which we find marked in our memoranda under the head of

"Tales of a Traveller."

First. How the Traveller treats snakes, serpents, &c. &c.

"One afternoon, in an unfrequented part not far from Monteiro, these adventures were near being brought to a speedy and a final close: six or seven blackbirds, with a white spot between the shoulders, were making a noise, and passing to and fro on the lower branches of a tree in an abandoned, weed-grown, orange orchard. In the long grass underneath the tree, apparently a pale green grasshopper was fluttering as though it had got entangled in it. When you once fancy that the thing you are looking at is really what you take it for, the more you look at it; the more you are convinced it is so. In the present case, this was a grasshopper beyond all doubt, and nothing more remained to be done but to wait in patience till it had settled, in order that you might run no risk of breaking its legs in attempting to lay hold of it while it was fluttering—it still kept fluttering; and having quietly approached it, intending to make sure of it—behold, the head

of a large rattlesnake appeared in the grass close by: an instantaneous spring backwards prevented fatal consequences. What had been taken for a grasshopper was, in fact, the elevated rattle of the snake in the act of announcing that he was quite prepared, though unwilling, to make a sure and deadly spring. He shortly after passed slowly from under the orange-tree to the neighbouring wood on the side of a hill: as he moved over a place bare of grass and weeds, he appeared to be about eight feet long; it was he who had engaged the attention of the birds, and made them heedless of danger from another quarter; they flew away on his retiring; one alone left his little life in the air, destined to become a specimen, mute and motionless, for the inspection of the curious in a far distant clime.

"Time and experience have convinced me that there is not much danger in roving amongst snakes and wild beasts, provided only that you have self-command. You must never approach them abruptly; if so, you are sure to pay for your rashness; because the idea of self-defence is predominant in every animal, and thus the snake, to defend himself from what he considers an attack upon him, makes the intruder feel the deadly effect of his poisonous fangs. The jaguar flies at you, and knocks you senseless with a stroke of his paw; whereas, if you had not come upon him too suddenly, it is ten to one but that he had retired, in lieu of disputing the path with you. The Labarri snake is very poisonous, and I have often approached within two yards of him without fear. I took care to move very softly and gently without moving my arms, and he always allowed me to have a fine view of him, without shewing the least inclination to make a spring at me. He would appear to keep his eye fixed on me, as though suspicious, but that was all. Sometimes I have taken a stick ten feet long, and placed it on the Labarri's back. He would then glide away without offering resistance. But when I put the end of the stick abruptly to his head, he immediately opened his mouth, flew at it, and bit it.

"One day, wishing to see how the poison comes out of the fang of the snake, I caught a Labarri alive. He was about eight feet long. I held him by the neck, and my hand was so near his jaw, that he had not room to move his head to bite it. This was the only position I could have held him with safety and effect. To do so, it only required a little resolution and coolness. I then took a small piece of stick in the other hand, and pressed it against the fang, which is invariably in the upper jaw. Towards the point of the fang, there is a little oblong aperture on the convex side of it. Through this, there is a communication down the fang to the root, at which lies a little bag containing the poison. Now, when the point of the fang is pressed, the root of the fang also presses against the bag, and sends up a portion of the poison therein contained. Thus, when I applied a piece of stick to the point of the fang, there came out of the hole a liquor thick and yellow, like strong camellia tea. This was the poison, which is so dreadful in its effects, as to render the Labarri snake one of the most poisonous in the forests of Guiana. I once caught a fine Labarri, and made it bite itself. I forced the poisonous fang into its belly. In a few minutes I thought it was going to die, for it appeared dull and heavy. However, in half an hour's time, he was as brisk and vigorous as ever, and in the course of the day shewed no symptoms of being affected. Is then the life of the snake proof against its own poison? This

subject is not unworthy of the consideration of the naturalist.

"There was a person making shingles, with twenty or thirty negroes, not far from Mibirihill. I had offered a reward to any of them who would find a good-sized snake in the forest, and come and let me know where it was. Often had these negroes looked for a large snake, and as often been disappointed.

"One Sunday morning I met one of them in the forest, and asked him which way he was going: he said he was going towards Warra-tilla Creek to hunt an armadillo; and he had his little dog with him. On coming back, about noon, the dog began to bark at the root of a large tree, which had been upset by the whirlwind, and was lying there in a gradual state of decay. The negro said, he thought his dog was barking at an acouri, which had probably taken refuge under the tree, and he went up with an intention to kill it; he there saw a snake, and hastened back to inform me of it.

"The sun had just passed the meridian in a cloudless sky; there was scarcely a bird to be seen, for the winged inhabitants of the forest, as though overcome by heat, had retired to the thickest shade: all would have been like midnight silence were it not that the shrill voice of the pi-pi-ya, every now and then, resounded from a distant tree. I was sitting with a little Horace in my hand, on what had once been the steps which formerly led up to the now mouldering and dismantled building. The negro and his little dog came down the hill in haste, and I was soon informed that a snake had been discovered; but it was a young one, called the hush-master, a rare and poisonous snake.

"I instantly rose up, and laying hold of the eight-foot lance, which was close by me, 'Well then, daddy,' said I, 'we'll go and have a look at the snake.' I was barefoot, with an old hat, and check shirt, and trowsers on, and a pair of braces to keep them up. The negro had his cutlass, and as we ascended the hill, another negro, armed with a cutlass, joined us, judging, from our pace, that there was something to do. The little dog came along with us, and when we had got about half a mile in the forest, the negro stopped, and pointed to the fallen tree: all was still and silent: I told the negroes not to stir from the place where they were, and keep the little dog in, and that I would go in and reconnoitre.

"I advanced up to the place slow and cautious. The snake was well concealed, but at last I made him out; it was a coucanara, not poisonous, but large enough to have crushed any of us to death. On measuring him afterwards, he was something more than fourteen feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker, in proportion to his length, than any other snake in the forest. A coucanara of fourteen feet in length is as thick as a common box of twenty-four. After skinning this snake I could easily get my head into his mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful extension.

"A Dutch friend of mine, by name Brouwer, killed a hog, twenty-two feet long, with a pair of stag's horns in his mouth: he had swallowed the stag, but could not get the horns down; so he had to wait in patience with that uncomfortable mouthful till his stomach digested the body, and then the horns would drop out. In this plight the Dutchman found him as he was going in his canoe up the river, and sent a ball through his head.

"On ascertaining the size of the serpent which the negro had just found, I retired slowly the way I came, and promised four dollars to

the negro who had shewn it to me, and one to the other who had joined us. Aware that the day was on the decline, and that the approach of night would be detrimental to the dissection, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes, they begged and entreated me to let them go for a gun, and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us.

"I had been at the siege of Troy for nine years, and it would not do now to carry back to Greece, 'nil decimo nisi dedecus anno.' I mean, I had been in search of a large serpent for years, and now having come up with one, it did not become me to turn soft. So, taking a cutlass from one of the negroes, and then ranging both the sable slaves behind me, I told them to follow me, and that I would cut them down if they offered to fly. I smiled as I said this, but they shook their heads in silence, and seemed to have but a bad heart of it.

"When we got up to the place, the serpent had not stirred, but I could see nothing of his head, and I judged by the folds of his body that it must be at the farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed a complete mantle over the branches of the fallen tree, almost impervious to the rain or the rays of the sun. Probably he had resorted to this sequestered place for a length of time, as it bore marks of an ancient settlement.

"I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One stood guard close behind me with the lance; and near him the other with a cutlass. The cutlass which I had taken from the first negro was on the ground close by me in case of need.

"After working in dead silence for a quarter of an hour, with one knee all the time on the ground, I had cleared away enough to see his head. It appeared coming out betwixt the first and second coil of his body, and was flat on the ground. This was the very position I wished it to be in.

"I rose in silence, and retreated very slowly, making a sign to the negroes to do the same. The dog was sitting at a distance in mute observance. I could now read in the face of the negroes, that they considered this as a very unpleasant affair; and they made another attempt to persuade me to let them go for a gun. I smiled in a good-natured manner, and made a feint to cut them down with the weapon I had in my hand. This was all the answer I made to their request, and they looked very uneasy.

"It must be observed, we were now about twenty yards from the snake's den. I now ranged the negroes behind me, and told him who stood next to me, to lay hold of the lance the moment I struck the snake, and that the other must attend my movements. It now only remained to take their cutlasses from them, for I was sure, if I did not disarm them, they would be tempted to strike the snake in time of danger, and thus for ever spoil his skin. On taking their cutlasses from them, if I might judge from their physiognomy, they seemed to consider it as a most intolerable act of tyranny in me. Probably nothing kept them from bolting, but the consolation that I was to be betwixt them and the snake. Indeed, my own heart, in spite of all I could do, beat quicker than usual; and I felt those sensations which one has on board a merchant vessel in war time, when the captain orders all hands on deck to prepare for

action, while a strange vessel is coming down upon us under suspicious colours.

"We went slowly on in silence, without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent all alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off, or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved; and on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment, the negro next to me seized the lance and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief.

"On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail; and after a violent struggle or two, he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth.

"The snake now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head, and held it firm under my arm, one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times; for the snake was too heavy for us to support him without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onwards with him, he fought hard for freedom, but it was all in vain.—We untied the mouth of the bag, kept him down by main force, and then I cut his throat. . . .

"The week following there was a curious conflict, which took place near the spot where I had captured the large snake. In the morning I had been following a new species of parakeet, and the day being rainy, I had taken an umbrella to keep the gun dry, and had left it under a tree; in the afternoon I took Daddy Quashi with me to look for it. Whilst he was searching about, curiosity took me towards the place of the late scene of action. There was a path where timber had formerly been dragged along. Here I observed a young coucouanara, ten feet long, slowly moving onwards; I saw he was not thick enough to break my arm, in case he got twisted round it. There was not a moment to be lost. I laid hold of his tail with the left hand, one knee being on the ground; with the right I took off my hat, and held it as you would hold a shield for defence.

"The snake instantly turned, and came on at me with his head about a yard from the ground, as if to ask me, what business I had to take liberties with his tail. I let him come, hissing and open-mouthed, within two feet of my face, and then, with all the force I was master of, I drove my fist, shielded by my hat, full in his jaws. He was stunned and confounded by the blow, and ere he could recover himself, I had seized his throat with both hands, in such a position that he could not bite me; I then allowed him to coil himself round my body, and marched off with him as my law-

ful prize. He pressed me hard, but not alarmingly so."

But our countryman was still more heroic in fight with crocodiles or caymans. Apollo and Python, Hercules and the Lernaean Hydra, Saint George and the Dragon, More of More-hall and that of Wantley, may all hide their diminished heads while we recite the story of the conflict between Mr. Waterton and the cayman.

"We found a cayman, ten feet and a half long, fast to the end of the rope. Nothing now remained to do, but to get him out of the water without injuring his scales, 'hoc opus, hic labor.' We mustered strong: there were three Indians from the creek, there was my own Indian Yan, Daddy Quashi, the negro from Mrs. Peterson's, James, Mr. R. Edmonstone's man, whom I was instructing to preserve birds, and, lastly, myself.

"I informed the Indians that it was my intention to draw him quietly out of the water, and then secure him. They looked and stared at each other, and said, I might do it myself; but they would have no hand in it; the cayman would worry some of us. On saying this, 'consedère duces,' they squatted on their hams with the most perfect indifference.

"The Indians of these wilds have never been subject to the least restraint; and I knew enough of them to be aware, that if I tried to force them against their will, they would take off, and leave me and my presents unheeded, and never return.

"Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice, and he shrunk back, begging that I would be cautious, and not get myself worried; and apologising for his own want of resolution. My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they asked if I would allow them to shoot a dozen arrows into him, and thus disable him. This would have ruined all: I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to get a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. I rejected their proposition with firmness, and darted a disdainful eye upon the Indians.

"Daddy Quashi was again beginning to remonstrate, and I chased him on the sand-bank for a quarter of a mile. He told me afterwards, he thought he should have dropped down dead with fright, for he was firmly persuaded, if I had caught him, I should have bundled him into the cayman's jaws. Here then we stood, in silence, like a calm before a thunder-storm. 'Hoc res summa loco. Scinditur in contraria vulgus.' They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive.

"I now walked up and down the sand, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it round to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet long, and was much thicker than my wrist. I took it out of the canoe, and wrapped the sail round the end of it. Now it appeared clear to me, that if I went down upon one knee, and held the mast in the same position as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge, I could force it down the cayman's throat, should he come open-mouthed at me. When this was told to the Indians, they brightened up, and said they would help me to pull him out of the river.

"'Brave squad!' said I to myself, 'Audax omnia peripet,' 'now that you have got me betwixt yourself and dangers.' I then mustered

all hands for the last time before the battle. We were, four South American savages, two negroes from Africa, a Creole from Trinidad, and myself a white man from Yorkshire. In fact, a little tower of Babel group, in dress, no dress, address, and language.

"Daddy Quashi hung in the rear; I showed him a large Spanish knife, which I always carried in the waistband of my trousers: it spoke volumes to him, and he shrugged up his shoulders in absolute despair. The sun was just peeping over the high forests on the eastern hills, as if coming to look on, and bid us act with becoming fortitude. I placed all the people at the end of the rope, and ordered them to pull till the cayman appeared on the surface of the water; and then, should he plunge, to slacken the rope, and let him go again into the deep.

"I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand (the sail being tied round the end of the mast) and sunk down upon one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, determining to thrust it down his throat, in case he gave me an opportunity. I certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in this situation, and I thought of Cerberus on the other side of the Styx ferry. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope. I saw enough not to fall in love at first sight. I now told them we would run all risks, and have him on land immediately. They pulled again, and out he came.—'monstrum, horrendum, informe,' This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed steadfast on him.

"By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprang up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore legs; and, by main force, twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle.

"He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator.

"The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous, that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden farther in land. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman. That would have been more perilous than Arion's marine morning ride:—

"'Delphinus insidens vasta cervice subest Arion.'

"The people now dragged us above forty yards on the sand: it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked, how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer,—I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox hounds.

"After repeated attempts to regain his liberty, the cayman gave in, and became tranquil through exhaustion. I now managed to tie up his jaws, and firmly secured his fore-feet in the position I had held them. We had now another severe struggle for superiority, but he was soon overcome, and again remained quiet. While some of the people were pressing upon his head and shoulders, I threw myself on his

tall, and by keeping it down to the sand, prevented him from kicking up another dust. He was finally conveyed to the canoe, and then to the place where we had suspended our hammocks. There I cut his throat."

We should be sorry to spoil the effect of this admirable tale even by telling how the traveller, having sprained his ankle, cured it by holding his foot under the falls of Niagara. But this and other pleasant incidents and adventures, our limits compel us to reserve till another Gazette sees the light, and enlightens the world with other matters besides the adventures of Mr. Waterton.

La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri, con Comento Analitico di Gabriele Rossetti. In Sei Volumi: Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 405. London, 1826. J. Murray.

IN this age of literary discovery, that which we have to announce, in giving a short account of Signor Rossetti's edition of Dante, is, perhaps, the most extraordinary, and will be considered, probably, by his countrymen and the admirers of Dante, as the most important. Extraordinary it must be considered, since a poem which has been the subject of commentary and research for nearly five complete centuries, is now, for the first time, demonstrated to contain, throughout its whole context, a hidden sense, which has either escaped the acuteness or been dissimbled by the timidity of former commentators; and this demonstration is conveyed with such a clearness of proof, and such an abundance of testimony, as might be deemed superfluous and pedantic, if the object had been less arduous than that of removing a misapprehension so inveterate, and sanctioned by the silence or concurrence of so many learned men, during so very long a period. The important discovery to which Signor Rossetti has called the attention of the world, is, in fact, delivered by Dante himself, in words which, though hitherto most unaccountably overlooked, cannot admit of any other interpretation; and it is briefly this, that the *Inferno* is an allegorical picture of the then existing state of government and society. "*Poeta agit de Inferno isto in quo peregrinando ut viatores, moreri et denegari possumus.*"—"The *Inferno* in which we are wandering as strangers and pilgrims, and in which we are capable of guilt or merit, becoming obnoxious to punishment, or entitled to reward."

This *Inferno*, thus described as it is by Dante himself, in his dedicatory epistle, must be understood to signify this present world and its existing inhabitants;—if the poet had chosen to say in distinct words, "My poem is a picture of this world such as it is," he would only have expressed the same meaning without a periphrasis; but he would not have conveyed it in a manner more positive or unambiguous.

But in giving an account of the discoveries which Signor Rossetti has made, we must not dwell too long upon a single point, or attempt even an abstract of the evidence which he has accumulated; for this reason we must refrain from an analysis of the most ingenious and learned induction, by which the poet Virgil, guide and companion of the author in his passage through the allegorical *Inferno*, is proved to be a type and personification of that spirit of political philosophy which was peculiar to the Ghibelline party. Dante is pursued by three beasts, which are types of the three main supports of the Guelphish faction; viz. the republic of Florence, mutable and various in her policy, rapid in her decisions, and

uncertain in her alliances; this is represented by the Leopard *leggera e molto presta, nimble and rapid*, connecting herself with various animals. The Lion, who holds his head so high, and whose roar makes the very air tremble, is the symbol of the pride of Charles of Valois, and of the terror which his power inspired. Lastly, the Wolf, the ancient symbol of Rome, and which is here characterised by an excess of greediness and avarice, *carca di tutte brame*, is no other than Papal Rome, in which that vice predominated during the period in which Dante lived to a degree which has never been exceeded either before or since. From these beasts he is rescued by the spirit of Ghibelline policy. The dead of the *Inferno* are typical of the living dead of his own times, whom he and other contemporary authors of the same principles and party describe as "dead in vice and ignorance." The judge of these dead is Minos; but Minos, as is proved by Signor Rossetti, is described with attributes which mark him to be a personification of the power of conscience. The *città del fuoco* into which Dante and Virgil are denied admittance, is the city of Florence, from which Dante had been before banished, and where he was now condemned to be *burnt alive*. The parley which the guards of the city hold with Virgil, represents the negotiations between the agents of the emperor and the chiefs of the Guelphish faction then in authority in Florence; their offer to admit Virgil, while they insist that Dante shall be excluded, *sol si ritorni per la folle strada*, expresses their willingness to have submitted to the emperor, provided the restoration of the banished party of the Bianchi and Ghibellini had not been insisted upon. Even the alarm which, during the continuance of the negotiation, Dante himself had felt at the prospect of such a compromise, is expressed in the words of *Pensò l'etor se io mi disconfortai*. Lastly, the *Messo del Cielo* who comes with the golden rod to open the gates of the city, and who appears to be conscious of no obstacle but that of the heavy atmosphere, *aer grasso*, is the emperor, who in his enterprise against Florence experienced no obstacle but from the unhealthiness of the season and climate, to which he fell a victim. These and an infinite variety of other allusions are proved with a degree of detail which may be necessary for establishing a new principle of interpretation, but which, when it is once established, will be capable of considerable abridgment.

The present volume contains the first eleven cantos of the *Inferno*; the remainder will be contained in a second volume of equal size; and we understand that it is the intention of the editor to continue his labours through the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, of which he has likewise discovered the practical and political interpretation; but this will, of course, depend upon the degree of encouragement which this essay may meet with in this country; in his own it is likely to be the subject of violent disputes; and we think it probable, that if the author had remained at Naples, some cautious friends might have restrained him from publishing a part at least, and perhaps even the whole of his present discovery.

The typographical execution of this volume is, in every respect, handsome, and possesses that most essential of merits, correctness.

Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach. Written by Herself. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1826. Colburn.

There are few books so pleasant as memoirs—and there are no memoirs so pleasant as per-

sonal ones—and there are none so personal as those written by women—and the Margravine of Anspach was (and is) as very a woman as ever married twice—and the Margravine of Anspach has written and published memoirs of herself—and, finally, here they are before us, under the form of two volumes octavo: *ergo*—but no, we will not hurry our conclusion, but leave it to appear in its own good time, and from better evidence than argument, however forcible and complete!

There is another merit attending memoir writing:—it requires no superior skill—no great extent of knowledge—no very singular acuteness of observation—and, above all, no very exemplary industry. One cannot very well make a blunder in putting down a personal anecdote. And it may be done when nothing else can—or when one has nothing else to do—or when one wishes to do nothing at all: for it is one of the most agreeable divisions of that all-agreeable state of being called the *far niente*. In short, nothing is required to constitute the best capability in the world for writing an agreeable book of memoirs, but to have mixed much in society—to have varied that society by travel—and to possess a lively temperament, a faithful pen, and a good memory.

Now it so happens, that all the foregoing conditions are united, in a very remarkable degree, in the celebrated lady who has just favoured the idle part of the world with her memoirs; and there can be little doubt that, accordingly, that favour will be repaid by all which she need look for in return—namely, a general perusal of her work, and a general persuasion of its writer's lively and engaging qualities.

As it is now many years since the Margravine of Anspach moved a conspicuous star in the hemisphere of high life, the reader may be glad to know who and what she was and is. Briefly, then, she was born in 1750, and is the youngest daughter of the fourth Earl of Berkeley. At an early age she married the Honourable Mr. Craven, afterwards Earl of Craven, and lived happily with him for some years. But this union having been dissolved, by circumstances upon which we (never wishing to interfere in matrimonial quarrels) offer no opinion, she left England with one of her sons, and after having travelled much in Europe, settled herself at the court of the Margravine of Anspach, a petty German prince. In his suite she visited several of the other German and Italian courts; and finally, on the death of his wife and her husband, married him; and he, preferring the varied society of England to the endless monotony of his own little court circle, had the good sense to give up his make-believe sovereignty, and come over with his wife to live in England—where they resided for many years, and where at length the margrave died.

We must not forget to state, that on their arrival in England it was signified to the margravine that she would not be received at court; and even her own daughters by her first husband were led to decline any intercourse with her. Far be it from us to determine that this treatment either was or was not called for by any previous conduct of the margravine during her separation from her first lord. But thus much we will say,—that as the lady herself seems to have borne the privation of court favour with a very exemplary share of patience and self-complacency, it is not for us to lament very sorely over a matter which, whether demanded by strict decorum or not, has at any rate the merit of

having produced the entertaining volumes now under consideration: for there can be little doubt that, but for the natural desire to place herself in the best light, to vindicate herself, if unjustly aspersed, we should not have been presented with this opportunity of alluding to the question.

At any rate, that a person situated as the writer of these memoirs was, should have much to tell that every body will be glad to hear, there could be little doubt. And here are the volumes before us in which she tells it—and tells it in as naïve and good-humoured a manner, and with as much apparent good faith, as the most gossiping of her readers could wish. We will therefore not detain the latter any longer from the book itself.

From the early years of the writer, which she passed in England, we shall extract nothing; as they appear to have passed monotonously enough, in the bosom of a family of which, from some unaccountable feeling of distaste, she was scarcely treated as a part. We shall commence our extracts while the margravine is performing her tour of Europe. In her account of her first arrival in Paris she gives some very curious anecdotes of Marie Antoinette, and other members of the French royal family, some of which are singularly characteristic of the people to whom they relate. The following are among the number:

"In the dreadful winter which preceded that in which I was at Paris, the queen gave proofs of her goodness and beneficence; she caused to be distributed from her private purse five hundred Louis to the poor. In presenting this sum to the lieutenant of police, she said to him, 'Hasten to dispose of this money to the unhappy; never did I part with a sum which was so gratifying to my feelings!' At this period she was honoured with the good opinion of the people, who did justice to her humanity. They raised a pyramid of snow to her honour at the extremity of the street of Coq St. Honoré, with these verses inscribed upon it,—

Reine, dont la bonté surpasse les appas,
Près du Roi bienfaisant occupe ici la place;
Si ce monument froid est de neige et de glace,
Nos cœurs pour toi ne le sont pas.

"The young Duke d'Angoulême, who at this period was not more than nine years old, was one day occupied in reading in his apartment, when M. de Suffrein was announced to him. 'Sir,' said the young prince, 'I was reading the lives of illustrious men, and I lay aside my book with pleasure, to be gratified with the sight of one of them.'"

We will now accompany our fair authoress into Poland. The following anecdote of the "Great Frederic," is no less cleverly, and at the same time naively told, than it is characteristic of the principal person concerned in it. The last paragraph is, also, very piquant and unconscious, as it regards the relator:—

"She (the Princess Czartoriska) inquired of me if I had been at Berlin; and when I answered in the negative, she said she wished me joy: 'For what would he have done, to you,' she said, 'since he so much embarrassed me?'—And pray," said I, 'who is he who could venture to do anything to embarrass you?'—*La Grand Frédéric*, was her reply. She then informed me, that his majesty had her invited to dinner by the queen; and every body being assembled, before he came, when he arrived, he made one bow, at the door, to the circle, and then walked up to her, took her by the hand, and led her up to a window; where he stood to examine her countenance, with a look so scrutinising, with eyes so piercing,

that she was embarrassed in the highest degree; particularly as he never spoke till he had examined all he wished to look at; and when this was done, he said, 'I had a great desire to see you, I have heard so much of you; and began an account of what that was, in language so civil, but with a *raillerie la plus fine, que c'était presque une persiflage*. 'When he had done,' she added, 'I did not know whether I was to feel humbled or elevated, or whether it was a good or bad impression he had received of me, or whether it was satire or compliment he meant to convey.'

"*Quel homme! ne le voyez jamais, chère miladi; vous rougissez pour rien; il vous ferait pleurer.*' I felt internally that I should like to see him; and that, as the adopted sister of the margrave, under that protection, I should not fear even the great Frederic.

"The Polish ladies are very vigilant over the conduct of their daughters, and intrigues are not so easily carried on here as in England; and in some districts (which is perfectly ridiculous!) they are forced to wear little bells, both before and behind, in order to proclaim where they are, and what they are doing."

The reader may judge how thickly the amusement is occasionally sown through these pages, when we tell him that the following four anecdotes occur consecutively. The first seems almost too good to be true, as an illustration of German inconsequence; and the last is highly characteristic of the singular person to whom it relates.

"I remember, when I was obliged to have a Spanish male dress made for me, the court tailor brought the clothes for me to try: the waistcoat was at least four inches too long for me; my breeches were not long enough; and when I pointed out to him repeatedly that it would be impossible for me to wear them, he said, '*Ca ne fait rien!*'—*Comment?*' said I, with great emphasis: he replied, '*Si la culotte est trop courte, la veste est trop longue, et cela revient à la même chose.*' and as I knew nothing could drive it out of his head, I sent him away, gave my suit of clothes to another performer, and had quite a new one made for me.

"At another time, a nobleman of the court, looking at some copies that were hanging in my room of the Cardinal Virtues, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds for the University of Oxford, asked me what they were; to which I answered, '*Les Vertus Cardinales, copiées en petit d'après ceux en grand, que le Chevalier Reynolds avait fait.*' After looking at them some time, he said, '*Sont-ce des Cardinaux de Rome ou des Evêques Anglais, car ils sont de très belles figures?*'

"M. de Brenkenhoff, who had been attached to Frederic, was one day speaking of the Pomeranian dominions, which formed part of that king's empire. In a report which he made to his master with regard to the state of the nobility there, he found that in one village, called Czarnidarmo, which did not contain more than one hundred and forty or fifty acres of cultivated land, the community was formed by twelve noble families, consisting of fifty-nine persons; and that the cow-keeper and the crier were the only persons in the village who were not noble, but that their wives, however, were born nobles. What an idea of nobility!"

"Old prince Kaunitz had many peculiarities, which only set off to greater advantage his amiable qualities. He was one day found by a foreign minister in the body of a carriage, placed in one of his own rooms: he was lining

the inside of it, because the coachmakers, he insisted, did not know how to do it properly. I can easily imagine this, as I have frequently myself snatched a spade or rake from an awkward gardener, whose want of taste could not execute what my ideas of beauty had imagined."

The following occur in her ladyship's account of her sojourn at the court of Naples.

"The extravagant ideas of the ballet-masters are beyond description. Will it be believed, that at Naples it was proposed to give a ballet, the subject of which was the annals of Tacitus,—an heroic ballet, where all the Roman empire was to dance. We there should have seen the foundation of Rome, the conquest of Africa, the affair of Cannæ, and the destruction of Carthage, executed in *caprioles*. Hannibal and Scipio might dance a *pas de deux*. This sublime spectacle might terminate by the death of Julius Caesar, who should fall under the hands of Brutus in a cadence, and expire on the stage to the sound of violins; and Cicero, by redoubled *entrechats*, might address the senate with all his eloquence.

"If he had succeeded, he proposed to give, the next season, the triumvirate in a *pas de trois*,—a surprising pantomimic spectacle, which would decide the fate of the universe in gambades; and Marc Antony would dance a minuet with Cleopatra."

"Many of the female singers at Naples, I am confident, neither knew how to read or write. I was one day at the house of one of these performers by profession: after many entreaties that she would favour us with an air, from which she excused herself on the plea of having had a violent cold for a month past, and a swelled throat, which prevented her from singing, she complied with our request. In taking the music book to place it on the piano-forte, she turned it, as if by mistake, upside down, so that on opening the first leaf, at the bottom of the page the words '*fine dell' aria*' were written with the letters reversed. As I perceived the mistake, I took the book and placed it right. The lady was piqued, and, not wishing to appear ignorant, took the book rather abruptly, and placed it again as it was before. '*Sappia*,' said she, '*signora, che questa è un' aria Ebraica, cavata dalla Sinagoga dei Giudei, che comincia per il fine.*' I immediately apologised, and avowed my want of knowledge, as I had no idea that Moses was acquainted with Italian music, or that the Rabbits sang *ariettes*."

"A little singer, who was going from Naples to Rome, in order to form an engagement at the theatre there, was by accident shewn into the same room at an inn upon the road where three strangers, of different nations, happened to be at dinner. They insisted on the lady's partaking of the repast, and became so agreeable to her, that at length she was prevailed upon to repose herself for a few days there, as she discovered that the journey was too fatiguing, and the roads bad. As she was very lively and *enjouée*, they very naturally all fell in love with her. Many delightful things passed among them, and each finally proposed to pay his addresses. As the lady was determined to accept one only, she thought herself at liberty to make choice of him whose offers were most advantageous, particularly as it is a rule to do so at all the theatres.

"She therefore insisted that each of them should put down his proposals in writing; and the next day she found on her toilette three letters to the following effect.

"The first was from an English lord, who

candidly confessed that, struck with her charms, he anxiously desired to have an heir, and that he would, with her permission, make choice of her for that purpose; and as he was very rich, and without heirs, he should leave them and herself all his property.

"The second was a Spaniard, who told her, that of all the stars which shone in the firmament, she was the most brilliant; that her eyes were two suns which gave light to the world, and that her countenance was more fair than the moon at night. That since he had seen her, his heart had been consumed by flames: he had not the audacity to demand at once her favours, but hoped progressively to obtain them after a period of ten years; at the end of that age he hoped he might be happy enough to possess her. In expectation of that felicity, after which he sighed, he in the mean time begged her acceptance of a thousand doubloons.

"The third admirer was a Frenchman: from him she learned that he had only one Louis-d'or to carry him, his horse, his dog, and valet, to Rome. 'However,' said he in his epistle, 'I offer you this; and shall be content, in the mean time, to die with hunger on the way, provided I could make a good repast with you this evening after supper.' He then concludes without reserve, recommending her to dispose of him whose purse was empty, but whose heart was filled with the desire of possessing her.

"It is not difficult to guess to which of her three lovers she gave the preference: the doubloons of the Spaniard had their effect."

We must here close our extracts from the first of these amusing volumes; which will not for some days (however) be in the hands of our readers.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. PATENT CHIMNEYS.

MR. J. W. HUNT has obtained a patent for an improvement in the construction of chimneys. His design is to build circular smoke flues, or tunnels, within the usual thickness of the walls, incorporated with the common brick-work. Each flue, or tunnel, surrounded by cavities commencing at the back of every fireplace, and connected with each other. The air within these cavities is, by the heat of any one fire, rendered sufficiently warm to prevent condensation within all the flues contained in the same stack.

These flues, from the peculiar form of the bricks of which they are constructed, may be carried to any extent, either perpendicularly or horizontally, and can be adapted to any bend or turn, without the smallest deviation from their original form and capacity, or producing any internal angles.

Unlike the common square flues, these tunnels may be cleansed by machines, and the necessity for climbing-boys thereby superseded; indeed, from the inside face of the bricks being vitrified, very little adhesion of soot can take place.

The most essential part of this invention is the novel and ingenious shape of the bricks, which, to be understood and appreciated, must be seen; for, though very simple, it is barely possible to convey an idea of it by description.

We consider Mr. Hunt's improvement to be one of great importance, and that it will go far to prevent that grievous domestic evil—a smoky chimney.

COMET.—The comet referred to in our last, as seen by the master of the *Espeigle*, Cape of

Good Hope, is that one of which many interesting particulars have been furnished in the various Gazettes, between 24th September and 26th November of the past year. It is remarkable, that the last opportunity that was favourable for an observation in the British isles (14th October), was the first that offered in the southern hemisphere to the scientific individual, whose example in this instance cannot be too generally imitated. We are now enabled to lay down the track of this comet, through a celestial curve of 104 degrees, commencing with Taurus, through Fluvius Eridanus, Cetus, Machina Electrica, Apparatus Sculptoris, Phoenix, Grus, to Iudus. It may further be observed, that the length of the tail (seven degrees) was the same as seen in both hemispheres on the 14th of October.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 6.—There will be congregations on the following days of the Lent term:—

Saturday... Jan. 21, (Bachelors' Com.) at ten.

Wednesday... Feb. 8, at eleven.

Wednesday... 22, at eleven.

Wednesday... March 1, at eleven.

Friday... 10, (M.A. Inceptors) at ten.

Friday... 17, (end of term) at ten.

The Hulsean prize for the last year has been adjudged to Mr. Arthur Tozer Russell, of St. John's college, for his dissertation on the following subject:—"In what respect the Law is a Schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ."

The following is the subject of the Hulsean prize essay for the present year:—"A Critical Examination of our Saviour's Discourses, with regard to the Evidence which they afford of his Divine Nature."

FINE ARTS.

GEMS OF ART.—NO. VI. W. B. COOKE.

THIS Number completes the first volume of the work, upon which we have frequently animadverted, and always with praise; and reflects as much credit on the taste and selection of the publisher, as on the skill of the artists employed in the engravings. It is unnecessary to repeat the encomiums we have passed on the former parts of this publication; it is sufficient to say, that the present specimen may vie with any of the preceding numbers, both in subjects and execution. It contains engravings from the celebrated painting of Correggio, "Christ in the Garden," in the possession of the Duke of Wellington. "Joel and Sisera," after Northcote, in the council-room of the Royal Academy. "A Gale," after Vanderveelde, in the possession of G. Morant, Esq. "The Milk Girl," after Gainsborough, in the collection of George Phillips, Esq. "Canal Scene by Moonlight," after Vanderneer; and "Fishing Boats in a Calm," after Vander Capella, in the possession of Messrs. Woodburne.

The application of the mezzotint to subjects of this size has never been more successfully exhibited than by Messrs. Ward, Reynolds, and Lupton: the views are perfect "Gems," and have all the transparency of line engraving.

HANOVERIAN AND SAXON SCENERY. PART I. R. Jennings.

Dedicated, by Permission, to his Majesty.

THIS new work, from Drawings by Captain Batty, merits a high distinction, and is (judging from its first specimen), in our opinion, superior even to the same gentleman's sweet Illustrations of the Scenery of the Rhine, which in design and execution it nearly resembles. What augments its beauty and interest is, the addition of wood-cut vignettes to every description; and these, being actual views, double the images in the volume, making them one hundred and twenty, instead of sixty, as in the preceding publication to which we have alluded.

Every Briton naturally covets an acquaintance with the land of his fellow-subjects in Germany; and the scenes here chosen are well calculated to augment our interest in them; for they are striking and picturesque. The Lochmühle, Ferdinandstein, Hohnstein, and Königstein, belong to the superior class of landscape; while the Roman Catholic Church, at Dresden, is a fine architectural object. Altogether, the work is extremely pleasing, and will add a good variety to the riches of the portfolio or display of the library table.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

IOLE.

'Tis a vain folly, and I know it such;
Yet who has not some weakness which the heart
Has made an idol? 'Tis thus with the name
That to my lute is as the vizard is,
Which hides the masquer's face. I have no hope,
Nay, scarce the wish, for fame; but yet it soothes,
And gives me somewhat of a social feeling,
To think that some, albeit they know me not,
May share the grief that taught me poetry.

Beloved mine! Iole has a sound
Breathing of other days, and linked with thee:
'Tis not the first time I have borne that name.
When but a boy, (for I was fair and pale,
And had some likeness to an antique gem,)
In some young frolic, garb'd as a Greek girl,
Named from that cameo with Iole's name,
I taught my lute its earliest song of love,
Pouring my feelings under that disguise.
Ianthé, thou wast spirit of that song.—
It was my first disguise, it is my last,—
And both alike are thine,

IOLE.

TO IANTHE.

AND sounds of joy are ringing
Again in that ancient hall,
And tones of music fall,
To answer a soft voice singing.
Around it green leaves are wreathing;
And, saved from the power
Of the winter hour,
Some few choicest flowers are breathing.
The piled-up hearth is blazing;
And around it stand
A youthful band,
Their gayest carol raising.
I stood aloof, in my sadness—
The silent lip, the heavy sigh:—
Oh! what had they, or what had I
To do with scenes of gladness?
And my heart went back, in its sorrow,
To the beauty and the bloom,
Sleeping the sleep of the tomb,
In a night that knows no morrow—
At least, none of earthly greeting:
And my spirits had not power
To think upon that hour,
Which hopes an immortal meeting:
For at once to memory started,
As I enter'd the festive scene,
Thoughts of all that once had been,
And all that was now departed.
Again I saw thee reclining,
With thy soft eyes and how'd down head,
And thy dark hair round it spread,
Like the wing of the raven shining.
But that dream of the moment past o'er me,
And I waken'd again
But to added pain,
And to know that nought could restore the
Alas! for Memory's folly!
I but start from the sweet dreams,
Where the past like the present seems,
To an added melancholy.

One sweet hope is not denied me,—
Though my vain wishes must not save,
I get my share—the grave,—
And rest, mine Ianthe, beside thee.

IOLE.

ALEXANDER.

AUTUMN's pride is past and gone,
Yet gaily still Crimea's sun
Lights up her skies at even:
So bright his orb, declining, glows,
That e'en the half-clad serf bestows
One passing thought on Heaven.
Stretch'd on the bed of agony,
Now as the twilight hour draws nigh,
That summons him to rest,
The arbitrer of peace and war,
Emperor, Autocrat, and Czar,
His dying wish express:
"Air, air," the gasping Monarch said,
And feebly raised his drooping head,
That he might see once more
Crimea's skies of cloudless blue,
And catch a last and lingering view
Of Asoph's sea-beat shore.
Thou heard'st, imperial Taganrok,
The wailing voice, that faintly spoke
Of death's consuming fever:
The falt'ring accents of that tongue,
On which the fate of millions hung—
That voice has ceased for ever!
These winged words—this simple speech,
At such a moment well might teach
The despot's meanest slave,
How small the difference of their lot,
When all his empire's worth could not
Bribe for one hour the grave!
And what is empire?—what is man?—
A noisome vault, a narrow span,
Confines that mighty King,
Whose will was erst supreme command,
From far Kamchatka's lonely strand,
To warlike Poland's plains of sand,
And Euxine's bowers of spring.
Nations, peel his funeral knell!
The wild Cossack, with barbarous yell,
And ash-besprinkled head—
Hettman, Palatine, and Peer,
Warrior, and Sage, throng round his bier,
And sorrowing Europe dears a tear
O'er the illustrious dead.

MUSIC.

AFTER a pause of a few months,—during which, for want of new compositions of note, and of great public performances, excepting only the splendid musical festival at York, and some not very successfully revived old English and German operas, the musical world may be said to have been in a dormant state,—we purpose to resume our former reports of whatever is likely to engage the attention of the friends of music. Domestic and foreign news, of public concerts, of musical meetings, new operas, eminent musical characters, and, particularly, the newest works of our own artists, will form the substance of the pages we intend devoting to this branch of elegant knowledge. The great musical establishment of the capital, the Philharmonic, the Ancient, and the New Royal Academy Concerts, not commencing before next month, we confine ourselves for the present to the department of new works. And in order to commence our notices with a work above the common run of ephemeral publications, we have chosen the following, which, to the best of our knowledge, has never received the least notice in any journal, however deserving of being thus made better known.

The Scottish Minstrel, a Selection from the Vocal Melodies of Scotland, Ancient and Modern, arranged for the Pianoforte. By R. H. Smith. R. Purdie, Edinburgh; and Chappell and Co. London.

IN a work of six volumes royal 8vo. of above one hundred pages each, containing in all nearly seven hundred songs, and all of them, as the editor emphatically says, of real Scottish origin, it cannot be expected that it should not contain some things which may be found in other selections. The editor at the same time assures the lovers of Scottish music, that "in his collection," besides the songs familiar to every Caledonian, many will be found hitherto unpublished, and he doubts not, nor we neither, "will be highly relished by those who prefer the simple breathing of nature to the laboured combinations of art." "Not a few of these wild flowers," he continues, "had been gathered from the peasantry of our country. Several of them, from their great simplicity, are evidently the compositions of minstrels of a remote age." For many of the Jacobite airs and songs, among which we have met with some beautiful specimens never seen before, the editor has expressed great obligations to an eccentric character well known in "the west contrie," old Alister McAlpine, who sings these "Jacobite relics" with the greatest enthusiasm; "whose bluid yet warms at the remembrance of Prince Charlie."

As the music, so also is the poetry, of genuine Scottish origin; and according to the plan of the work, several airs have been arranged to the simple stanzas of olden time, in preference to the more polished verse of modern days. Among the verses, which will, perhaps, be thought most beautiful, are some never before united to music, by Leyden, Ferguson, Tannahill, Gall, the Ettrick Shepherd, and some few of Burns's. The admirers of the latter poet will, however, miss with regret some of his most beautiful songs, which have been excluded by the editor, because he has made it his "invariable rule to prefer dulness to wit, if it bordered on profanity; and doggerel rhyme, to all the witchery of poetry, when the bard could not claim the palm for purity of song."

As to Mr. Smith's arrangement for the pianoforte, it is extremely simple; so much so, that we think he has carried his fear of "overwhelming the voice" rather too far. In many instances, the voice is indeed not sufficiently supported, particularly by the bass, which is the most meagre of all the parts. This, however, has the advantage of rendering the task of the player extremely easy. In many instances a second set of verses is given to the same melody. The name of the author when known, and the old title of the air, are also carefully stated. Considering so great an assemblage of excellent melodies, with beautiful and appropriate verses, with a simple and easy harmony, and the whole, as to paper and print, so elegantly brought out, we have no hesitation in recommending this work to all lovers of national and especially of Scottish melodies. The same publisher has produced the first volume of a similar selection of Irish melodies, called the Irish Minstrel, of which we must defer a more particular account for one of our future Numbers.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

IN the last Number of the *Revue Encyclopédique* there is a very curious and hitherto unpublished memoir, or memorandum, which was

sent by Louis XIV. to Le Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, respecting the misconduct of the Marquis de Barbesieux, his nephew, who was secretary of state for the war department in 1695. This little document is thus introduced:—

"In turning over, at the castle of Fleury, the valuable collection of manuscripts which were collected by the celebrated attorney-general Joly de Fleury, in the earlier half of the eighteenth century, I had the good fortune to discover one which was written by Louis XIV.; and which is known only by the extract inserted by Voltaire in his 'Age of Louis XIV.' (See Beaumarchais' edition in octavo, second volume, page 80.) Voltaire has given to this production the title of letter; but it is evident that that of memoir is the only one which properly belongs to it. It seems that Voltaire, in the course of his long life, could not again meet with the entire manuscript, which he had read in his youth. General de Grimoard was also unsuccessful in discovering it; for in his edition of the works of Louis XIV., he has inserted only the pretended letter, extracted from Voltaire's book. The Countess Joly de Fleury, the Count Joly de Fleury, her son, and Baron Deferges, her son-in-law, permitted me to copy this unpublished memoir by Louis XIV., that it might be printed for the general gratification. There can be no doubt that they who read it will think, with Voltaire, that, although written in a very negligent style, it does more honour to Louis XIV.'s character than the best-turned sentences would have done to his taste.

"To the Archbishop of Rheims.

"That the life which his nephew leads at Fontainebleau is not to be endured; that the public are scandalised at it; that he passes all the day in hunting, and all the night in debauchery; that he never works, whence the greatest inconveniences arise; that the officers never find him at leisure to speak to them, and ruin themselves by their attendance.

"That he is a liar; always dangling after the women; rambling about every where; very little at home; and that the world does not believe that he is capable of business, seeing him so much abroad.

"Delay in the Catalonian letters.

"That he rises late, passing the night in supping in company, frequently with the princes.

"That he speaks and writes rudely.

"That if he do not change his conduct entirely, it is not possible that he can remain in his post.

"That he (the archbishop) ought well to consider what advice he should give him (the marquis) after having learnt from him (the king) his sentiments.

"That I shall be very sorry to be compelled to make any alteration; that it will be impossible for me to avoid it; that business cannot go on with such absence of application.

"That I wish he would remedy the evil, without my being obliged to interfere.

"That, attending so little, it is impossible but that he must be deceived in many things, which must injure me much.

"That, in fact, nobody can behave worse than he does; and that his conduct is intolerable.

"That I should be justly reproached for suffering a continuance of such conduct, at a time like the present, when the most important affairs depend upon him.

"That I cannot excuse myself from taking some step for the benefit of the state, and even

for my own exculpation; that I have delayed doing so, perhaps too long, in order that it may be managed in a way that shall be the least distressing to his family; that I am sorry for them all, and especially for him (the archbishop) in consequence of the friendship and esteem I entertain for him, the Archbishop of Rheims.

"Let him use all his efforts to point out to his nephew the abyss into which he is throwing himself, and to prevail upon him to do what every body expects from him; that I am very far from wishing to lose his nephew; that I have an affection for him, but that the good of the state is with me a consideration paramount to all others.

"That he (the archbishop) would not esteem me, if these were not my sentiments.

"That the matter must be finished one way or the other; that I hope it may be by his (the marquis's) assiduously discharging his duty, and applying himself to it altogether; but that he will be unable to effect this unless he relinquish all the pleasures which distract him, and devote himself solely to his office, which alone ought to be sufficient occupation for him.

"That this life is laborious to a man of his age; but that he ought to make up his mind to it, and to resolve to be in no way deficient in the discharge of his duty, and to do nothing to justify self-reproach.

"That it is necessary he should silence the censures of the world by his conduct, and shew me that he diligently fulfils the functions of his office, which is at present the most considerable in the kingdom."

"Remarks by the Archbishop of Rheims on this memoir:

"The king wrote this memoir with his own hand at Fontainebleau, at a time when I had not the honour of being in his majesty's suite: I was at Rheims.

"The king returned from Fontainebleau to Versailles on Friday, 28th October, 1695. I went to Versailles on Saturday, the 29th, at noon. On rising from table, his majesty called me into his closet, and gave me this memoir, of which I have made the proper use. I restored the original to the king at Marly, on Wednesday, 11th of November, having, with his majesty's permission, taken this copy, which I will preserve all my life as a monument of the welfare of my family, should my nephew profit, as I hope he will, from this intimation; or, at least, as a mark of the king's goodness to me, which has penetrated me with a gratitude so powerful, that, whatever may happen, it will accompany me through life."

"The following lines were written by the archbishop at the head of the memoir:

"I have given directions, my dear nephew, that at my death this memoir may be transmitted to you; I conjure you to preserve it while you live.

"(Signed)
"ARCHBISHOP DUKE OF RHEIMS."

Autograph Letter of Catherine II., Empress of Russia, to M. D'Alembert.

"Moscow, 13th November, 1763.
"M. D'ALEMBERT—I have just read your answer to M. Odaire, in which you refuse to come to Russia to contribute to the education of my son (afterwards the Emperor Paul). Philosopher as you are, I can conceive that it costs you nothing to despise what is called the grandeurs and honours in the world. In your eyes all that is a trifle, and I can easily range myself of your opinion. Looking at things in

this light, I should regard as very mean the conduct of Queen Christina, who has been so much praised, and often more justly blamed. You are born or called to contribute to the happiness and even the instruction of a whole people, and to renounce it is, it seems to me, to refuse to do the good you have so much at heart. Your philosophy is founded on humanity: permit me then to tell you, that not to lend one's self to serve it when one can, is to miss the end. I know you to be a man of too much worth to attribute your refusal to vanity; I know that the cause is only the love of retirement, to cultivate letters and friendship. Well, if it be so, come with all your friends; I promise you and them all the comforts and enjoyments in my power, and perhaps you may find more liberty and repose here than at home. You did not yield to the entreaties of the King of Prussia, nor even to the gratitude you owe him; but that prince has no son. I confess to you that I have the education of mine much at heart; and you are so necessary to me that perhaps I press you too much: pardon my indiscretion in favour of the cause, and be assured of the esteem which has rendered me so anxious.

"(Signed) CATHERINE.
"P. S.—In all this letter I have only employed the sentiments which I have found in your works, and you would not like to contradict yourself."

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE non-arrival of Mademoiselle Bonini until Friday in last week, prevented the commencement of the Opera season on Saturday, as was advertised. She makes her *début* to-night, in *Il Crociato in Egitto*. We hear that a Signor Destri, a tenor, who has sung at Venice, and with middling reputation, has been engaged; and also a Signor Torri, whom we remember some four or five years ago. Mons. Pellegrini (the bass voice which has long been admired in Italy) has, it seems, come on speculation, and has not yet an engagement; but Signori Gambati, the two famous trumpeters, have been secured to play in the orchestra. We notice other new names among the performers, especially in the ballet department, but none of great celebrity.

DRURY-LANE.

THE fortunes of this theatre have taken a sudden and a very favourable turn. Liston, on his first three nights, brought as much money as the whole company had produced for the preceding three weeks. The pantomime is also what may be called a "hit;" and in addition to these attractions, Miss Stephens and Mr. Sinclair have been added to the establishment: the latter never sang more sweetly than on this stage. With good management, therefore, the previous losses may not only be retrieved, but the season may, after all, turn out to be highly productive.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Tuesday evening there was a revival of Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of "A Bold Stroke for a Wife;" on which occasion Mr. C. Kemble appeared, for the first time, in the versatile character of "Colonel Feignwell." The play itself has little to recommend it; the plot and incidents being not only improbable, but absolutely impossible; and the dialogue, where it is not marked by the licence allowed in the last age, meagre and insipid. The distressingly

ludicrous situation of "Ann Lovely," however,—the enterprising schemes of "the Colonel,"—and last, not least, the caricature portraits of the quaker family, always carry it through smoothly; and when it happens to be well acted, it is generally received with considerable applause. Of Mr. Kemble's assumption of the principal character, it gives us pleasure to speak in terms of warm and general approbation. Simply as the Colonel, he was easy and gentlemanly; as the fop, he was admirably dressed, and by no means wanting in gaiety and affectation; his Dutchman and his Quaker were also excellent; whilst in "Paul Pillage," the particular little bit in which Bannister used to be so good, and in which alone we feared him, he really surprised us by the complete disguise of his voice and gait, and proved himself fully equal to the most distinguished of his predecessors. The only part in which he left us any thing to wish for, was that of "the Traveller." To render it effective, it requires a little more of the burlesque than he threw into it: in fact, the situation is decidedly that of the broadest farce, and it must be played with a corresponding extravagance of manner and breadth of humour. The other characters of the comedy are extremely subordinate; but the talents of the actors employed brought many of these very forward on the canvass. To Mr. Farren's old men so much commendation has been so often and so justly given, that little variety can be imparted to the terms of praise we are always tempted to bestow upon them. With "Perriwinkle" there is little to be done, and yet in the hands of this gentleman it appears to very great advantage. In dress and manner it is most perfect; he looks, indeed, more like a "large specimen of the lizard genus" than any thing human, and is as great a curiosity as any thing in his own museum: Mr. Blanchard's old beau was clever, but we quarrel with his dress. We have always been accustomed to see the actor who played this part habited like one of the "old school," and more than half the effect of the character is lost by the round hat and pantaloons of the present day. Bartley makes a sturdy, honest-looking tradesman; and Fawcett gives the sly prurient innuendos of "Obadiah" with all the point and meaning of which they are capable; his song, however, had better be omitted; it is not only a very poor one, but out of character and out of place. The females are neither of them prominent. Mrs. Davenport did all that was required with "Mrs. Prim," and Miss Chester looked charmingly as "Ann Lovely;" but we must once more recommend her to speak more slowly, and to attend to her articulation: if she do not make some improvement in this respect, she will certainly lose ground in her profession;—a distinct utterance is one of the very first qualifications to which an actress should attend.

The pantomime rather improves upon acquaintance.

POLITICS.

ACCOUNTS of a destructive storm at Gibraltar;—a report, apparently untrue, that Palermo had been swallowed by an earthquake;—and speculations on the death of the Emperor Alexander, constitute the news since our last.

VARIETIES.

Wonderful Accomplishments.—Signor de Begnis is stated, in a fashionable journal, to give concerts weekly to a select circle of friends and amateurs. At that on Sunday last, this

highly-gifted foreigner, and another equally accomplished friend, entertained the party with a duet (as) between two cats! The refined nature of the performance, and its propriety on the Sabbath, must have struck every hearer; and the applause extorted may probably induce the introduction of so exquisite a treat into the Italian Opera.

DAVID, the celebrated French painter, died on the 29th ult. at Brussels. He painted many great works, and long stood at the head of the French school, in which the imitations of his anatomical display has led to a degree of mannerism not always advantageous to the pictures where it prevails. He took a decided and sanguinary part in the revolution; and consequently died in exile.

Anecdote.—Beaumarchais was bred a watchmaker, of which he was not vain when his talents had made him known at court. A nobleman one day, wishing to mortify him, said, "M. Beaumarchais, my watch does not go well; I wish you would look, and tell me what is the matter with it."—"Excuse me, sir; I am so awkward I cannot do it."—"Nonsense, you must be here, open and examine it." Beaumarchais opened it, and feigning to look at the works, let it fall on the ground, and broke it in pieces. "There, sir," he exclaimed, "I told you how awkward I was; but you would not believe me."

Malshesher.—This gentleman, who defended Louis XVI. before the Convention (a capital crime in the eyes of those ferocious monsters), was consequently accused, tried, and sentenced to death. His equanimity never forsook him. As he left the prison for the scaffold, he stammered: "This," said he, "is a bad omen—a Roman would have returned home!"

Epigram to a very lusty Lady.

"All flesh is grass," so doth the Scriptures say;
And grass, when cut and dried, is turn'd to hay.
Then, lo! to thee when Death his sickle shall take,
Lord bless us! what a hay-stack thou wilt make!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

No. 85 of the Edinburgh Review, of which we have received a (mail-coach) copy, contains the following articles:—1. McCulloch's Discourse on the Rise, Progress, Peculiar Objects, and Importance of Political Economy. 2. Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S. Sec. to the Admiralty. 3. Lady Morgan's Absentism. 4. Observations on the Silk Trade. 5. Fraser's Narrative of a Journey into Khorassan. 6. Lays of the Minnesingers. 7. Report and Evidence upon the State of Ireland. 8. Butler's Book of the Roman Catholic Church. 9. Histoire du Passage des Alpes par Hannibal. 10. A Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps. 11. Critical Examination of Mr. Whitaker's Course of Hannibal over the Alps ascertained. 12. Proposal for the Advancement of Religious Knowledge, by a Roman Catholic Clergyman. 13. Thoughts on the Education of the Irish Poor, by J. O'Driscoll. 14. Letter to the Right Hon. C. Grant. 15. Lettres sur l'Angleterre, par A. de Machiavel. 16. Thoughts on Popular Education, by a Member of the Church of England. 17. Lord Suffield's Considerations on the Game Laws.

Among the New Year's list of publishers' announcements we observe, by Harding, Lepard, and Co., a second edition of James's Naval History; the Life and Diary of Sir W. Douglas, the famous antiquary; the Remains of another celebrated antiquary, Hearne's Memoirs of the Houses of York and Lancaster, by Emma Roberts; a complete Catalogue of Engraved British Portraits, &c.; and a new (and much wanted) edition of Ritson's Ancient Songs.

The Author of the *Comparative Estimate of the MINERAL and METALLIC GEOLOGICAL*, has published a *Postscript* to the Introduction of the Second Edition of that work; intended chiefly to meet the strictures of an infidel Review. In this Appendix the author shews, that the argument at issue between himself and the advocates for a mineral geology, resolves itself finally into the important question *Of a Primordial Cause, or Chæotic Mixture of Elements*; which doctrine the *Comparative Estimate* is specially directed to combat, expose, and confute. The *Postscript* is offered gratis to those who have already purchased the Second Edition.

Miss Benger is employed in writing a History of Henry the Fourth of France.

A little volume, under the title of Poetic Fragments, containing translations and original minor pieces, is announced to us as about to appear.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Loudon's Gardener's Magazine, No. 1, 8vo. 2s. 6d. sd.—Annual Biography of 1825, 8vo. 15s. bds.—The Three Strangers, a Play, by Harriet Lee, 8vo. 3s. 6d. sd.—Kirby and Spence's Entomology, vols. 3 and 4, 8vo. 32. 2s. bds.—Jones's Life of Bishop Hall, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Spiridum Sanctum; or Holy Breathings, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Janus; or the Edinburgh Literary Almanack, post 8vo. 12s. bds.—Schrevelius's Lexicon, Greek and English, 8vo. 16s. 6d. bds.—Alexander's Right Beatitude, imp. 4to. 12s. hf. bd.—Alexander's Specimens of Penmanship, royal 4to. 3s. sd.—Illustrations of Shakespeare, Part 1, 8vo. 10s. 6d.; imp. 8vo. 14s.; imp. folio, French paper, 18s.; India paper, 21s.—Sophora, a Hebrew Tale, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Phillips's Latin Exercise Book, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bd.—O'Driscoll's Review of the Evidence taken before the Irish Committee, No. 2, 8vo. 3s. sd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

DECEMBER—JANUARY.

1825.—December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	From 39 to 38	29.50 stationary
Friday	30 — 30	29.50 to 29.56
Saturday	25 — 33	29.60 — 29.65

1826.—January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Sunday	25 — 42	29.70 — 29.67
Monday	33 — 41	29.67 — 29.70
Tuesday	29.5 — 40	29.75 — 29.78
Wednesday	32 — 38	29.80 stationary

Wind variable, N.W. and S.E. prevailing. Alternately clear and cloudy; mornings and evenings rather frosty. Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude. — 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude. — 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

General Account for the past Year, 1825.

MONTH.	Thermom.			Barometer.		
	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.
January	55	25	30.40	30.68	29.53	30.1109
February	54	24	30.38	30.40	29.50	30.0463
March	55	29.5	30.97	30.48	29.13	30.0065
April	68	35.5	51.26	30.37	29.20	29.9348
May	78	34	54.78	30.48	29.50	29.9847
June	83	38	60.68	30.39	29.35	29.9829
July	91	40	68.34	30.34	29.70	30.0791
August	79	39	58.11	30.26	29.40	29.9773
September	72	39	56.11	30.25	29.40	29.9301
October	67	36.5	54.87	30.40	29.34	29.9789
November	59	29.5	44.29	30.30	29.40	29.9388
December	53	22	44.10	30.00	29.50	29.9802
Year	91	22	50.29	30.68	28.80	29.9829

MONTH.	Rain.	Winds.							
		Inches.	N.	E.	S.	W.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.
January	1.1	7	2	0	3	1	1	2	15
February	0.75	0	2	3	2	0	8	1	12
March	1.275	3	2	8	0	4	7	0	7
April	1.575	1	1	4	1	6	7	0	10
May	3.975	2	7	2	1	2	3	1	14
June	1.25	1	1	9	5	0	2	1	14
July	0.1625	10	2	4	0	2	0	8	5
August	2.925	3	2	1	8	6	1	2	6
September	2.475	5	6	1	4	1	4	5	4
October	2.675	3	6	0	8	0	2	4	14
November	3.65	4	3	0	4	1	0	6	12
December	3.225	4	2	5	5	3	4	2	6
Year	25.1575	42	36	25	34	42	36	36	112

At the commencement of the year it may be necessary to point out the mode in which the above register is kept. —The warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer, exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground; the extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer, in a similar situation; the daily range of the barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till eight in the evening; the weather and direction of the wind is the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock. The annexed table, giving the "General Account for the past Year," needs, perhaps, a mere inspection in order to be understood. It may, however, be observed, that the means of the thermometer and barometer are found from the means of the separate days, the daily mean of the

thermometer being the result of five observations; viz. that obtained by the self-registering thermometer, and the four daily observations: the daily mean of the barometer is the result of four observations.

The use of such tables is chiefly in forming comparisons with those of preceding years (which may be found, in the early numbers of each volume of THE LITERARY GAZETTE); when compared with other diaries, as, through the kindness of our scientific correspondent from Cheltenham, we are now enabled to do, it becomes doubly interesting. In comparing the two tables, it is to be noticed, that the means of thermometer and barometer are obtained by different methods; the third column of the Cheltenham diary being merely the mean of the highest and lowest of the month; the mean of every day's observation, though attended with much more difficulty, would, however, furnish a more correct statement of the temperature and pressure of the atmosphere.

I have taken the liberty to add to Mr. Moss's table, trusting that it will meet with his approbation; and beg to suggest, that some statement of the mode in which the register of the thermometer is kept would be useful.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude. — 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude. — 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

Meteorological Diary kept at Cheltenham.

1825.	Thermometer.				Barometer.			
	Max.	Min.	Med.	Range.	Max.	Min.	Med.	Range.
January	34.5	31.0	42.75	23.5	30.52	29.40	29.79	1.46
February	51.5	28.0	39.75	23.5	30.29	29.85	29.97	.94
March	59.0	30.8	44.5	28.0	30.32	29.36	29.64	1.36
April	63.5	35.0	48.25	29.5	30.19	29.12	29.65	1.06
May	72.5	41.0	56.75	31.5	30.05	29.35	29.70	.70
June	78.5	40.0	59.35	38.5	30.04	29.16	29.60	.88
July	83.5	51.5	72.5	42.0	30.00	29.53	29.765	.47
August	85.0	52.5	68.75	32.5	30.03	29.01	29.52	1.02
September	74.0	49.0	61.5	25.0	30.01	29.26	29.635	.75
October	64.5	35.5	54.0	29.0	30.30	29.88	29.52	.02
November	56.5	29.5	43.0	27.0	30.02	29.70	29.39	1.95
December	53.0	24.0	38.5	29.0	29.75	29.20	29.38	1.05
Year	83.5	24.0	56.75	39.5	30.52	29.70	29.64	1.76

1825.	WINDS.							
	N.	S.	E.	W.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.
January	3.5	8.	3.	4.8	3.	—	2.5	9.5
February	2.5	2.	0.5	4.	—	8.	1.5	9.5
March	3.	2.	5.	1.	7.5	6.5	0.5	6.5
April	6.	—	9.5	2.5	—	4.5	1.5	6.
May	2.	3.5	2.5	2.5	6.5	9.5	1.	3.5
June	2.	4.	4.	3.	—	2.	2.5	12.5
July	7.5	1.	7.5	2.5	2.5	5.5	0.5	4.
August	3.5	1.5	6.5	2.5	1.	0.5	6.5	10.
September	4.	10.5	0.5	6.	0.5	3.	—	5.5
October	6.	6.	—	7.	—	4.	1.5	6.5
November	5.5	2.	—	8.5	—	0.5	4.	9.5
December	5.	6.5	—	5.	5.	4.	0.5	5.
Year	50.5	44.	31.	49.	25.	48.	22.5	88.

The thermometer is suspended about five feet from the ground in a north-east aspect. The barometer and winds are registered at 8 o'clock A.M. and 8 P.M.

SAMUEL MOSS.

150, High Street, Cheltenham,
2 Jan. 1826.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot insert advertisements (subject to a duty of seven shillings) as literary notices.

We dare say R. T. is convinced of the authenticity of the documents produced by Mrs. Serres: we think them forgeries, and decline taking any trouble beyond the repetition of that opinion.

Mirror of the Month.—Against our review of this volume, a remonstrance has been made to us by a friend to the writer; and, as our motto is *factus justus*, we do not hesitate to attend to it. We certainly did not mean to hurt the author's feelings, and, perhaps, his (or her) interest, by representing him as unfit to write for the public press. We merely expressed our opinion that he was unfortunate in his treatment of the subject in hand. Upon other themes he may be perfectly competent to write cleverly, and both amuse and instruct the public. Our correspondent points out what he considers to be inaccuracies in our critique;—upon which, for the detail would be far too much, we can only request readers to put the construction most favourable to the author.

In making up our sheet, we find ourselves reluctantly obliged to postpone, till next week, an Epitome of the State, Resources, &c. of Cochinchina. It is so imperative upon us to go early to press on Friday, in order to print a sufficient number of our impression in time for publication, that we must again remind Correspondents of the impossibility of attending to letters late in the week.

ERRATUM.—In our last, p. 844, notice of the comet, 1, 12, for *Shirley's* Bay, read *Simon's* Bay.

